The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1920 NUMBER 315

Contents

The Week 55

Editorials
- Letting Business Alone..... 57
- War in the Clothing Industry..... 59
- Secretary of State 61
- Sunday Tabu 62

General Articles
- Puritanism, Literature and War.....F. B. Kaye 64
- America Listen to Your Own...D. H. Lawrence 68
- The Crude Barbarian and the Noble Savage... .....Walter Lippmann 70
- Haiti and Intervention.....Felix Frankfurter 71
- The Congress of Philosophy at Oxford..... .....R. F. Alfred Hoernlé 73

Books and Things.....Francis Hackett 74

The Season's Books..... 75

Reviews of Books
- Mrs. Asquith.....F. H. 77
- Revolutionary Reconstruction.....Alvin Johnson 80
- The Group Mind.....Walter Lippmann 82
- Smoke and Steel.....Louis Untermeyer 86

The Week

PRESIDENT WILSON'S message is not a farewell. That will probably come later. It is in a minor key, and rather quietly suggests to Congress some of the less important things it can be expected to accomplish, considering its Republican composition. The President points out what can be done at home before March 4th. We need a budget system, immediate tax revision, a less expensive government. More generally he sees "that the display of an immediate disposition on the part of the Congress to remedy any unjustices or evils that may have shown themselves in our own national life will afford the most effectual offset to the forces of chaos and tyranny which are playing so disastrous a part in the fortunes of the free peoples of more than one part of the world." Outside of these domestic affairs, the President requests a government loan to Armenia, and asks Congress to give independence to the Philippine Islands. Explicitly he asks for only these two expressions of his international faith. He does not mention the League. But this faith, implicit in the beginning and end of his message, is as strong in him as ever —"the faith in which I was bred, and which it is my solemn purpose to stand by until my last fighting day."

ARGENTINA'S withdrawal followed the refusal of the Assembly to debate four radical amendments: the election of the Council by the Assembly (which is equivalent to a transfer of control from the victorious great Powers to the more or less neutral small Powers); the admission of all recognized governments; compulsory jurisdiction for the world court; and a consultative vote for nations whose boundaries are undefined. What is the explanation of the abrupt withdrawal on behalf of what are apparently such disinterested ideals? What has Argentina in mind that makes her so impatient at this early date? We do not know. But we offer a guess. Mr. Harding takes office in March. The Assembly does not meet again until September. Between March and September the aggressive policy against Latin-America is likely to be well under way—Argentina's program if accepted now would put Mexico in the League and bring Mr. Harding's claims against Mexico before the World Court.

THE interpretation put upon Article X by the Assembly's Commission of Five does not so much undermine or destroy it as show that not so much importance was attached to it by the Commission of Five as by the President. If "'all it does is to condemn external aggression of the territorial integrity and political independence of any member of the League" and if it only "calls upon the Council to consider what can be done to resist such aggression," then it adds nothing that is not to be found elsewhere in the Covenant. Mr. Doherty, a Canadian delegate, describes Article X as "nothing but a humbug" which "every one knows cannot be enforced." But according to the interpretation there is nothing to enforce. Mr. Balfour says: "Personally I am no lover of Article X. The true spirit of the Covenant resides in other articles. I do not think that Article X really matters so very much." If it is clearly understood that it doesn't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter then there is no objection to Article X. But is it clearly understood? If it is, then the Senate can take note of the fact and centre its reservations on the specific task of refusing to guarantee the treaties.

THE Commission for the Admission of New States to the League of Nations unanimously voted to make Austria a member, and the Assembly is fairly certain to ratify the decision. Austria has fulfilled by far the greater part of her duty under the Treaty by shrinking from the size of a world power to one on much the same scale as Switzerland. The first enemy state to be let into the League, she is scarcely a state at all. Only a few extremists, such as the New York Tribune, have succeeded in trumping up any objection to her admission. The Tribune is indignant at letting such a "wolf" into the world flock, but if it cares to examine this wolf at all closely it will find him crippled, amputated, starving, toothless. Bulgaria still appears to her neighbors, Serbia, Greece and Rumania, to have some teeth left, and their hatred and their claim that she is not carrying her burdens under the Treaty has kept Bulgaria out. The admission of Austria may seem important, but it means hardly more than that a starving beggar has been permitted to come in and warm himself by the fire of international comity. Whether or not he will be given anything to eat remains to be seen.

THE acting President of Sinn Fein, the Reverend Michael O'Flanagan, has made this offer to Lloyd George on behalf of Ireland: "You state you are willing to make peace at once without waiting for Christmas. Ireland also is willing. What first step do you propose?" The first step, the only possible and decent step, is for the British government to order the withdrawal of its troops from Ireland. Until this poisoned blade is taken from the wound, it cannot heal.

"JAPAN," said Viscount Ishii, its spokesman at Geneva, "had the opportunity when the Covenant was originally formulated to declare her firm belief that equality before the law ought to be assured to all men irrespective of nationality, race or religion." But just now, continued Viscount Ishii, "Japan refrains from making any concrete proposal to this assembly as to the question of equal opportunity and treatment, and will patiently bide her time until the opportune moment presents itself." To members of a race that has run the world so long that it has forgotten what it means to be inferior, this renunciation may seem the mere minimum required of common sense. Yet the Japanese are as proud a race as any, and where anything so deep as race pride is touched, their feelings are bound to be stronger even than on any material question. In the face of what must be strong pressure at home, the Japanese government deserves credit for what, besides being a sensible act, was surely a very difficult one.

SECTION 301 of the Esch-Cummins Transportation act provides that railroads and their employees shall make every reasonable effort to settle their differences by conferences between representatives of each side. The railway unions wished to have this interpreted to mean that the National Adjustment Boards set up by the Railroad Administration should be the means of putting this provision into effect. They tried to have the roads join them in an attempt to get a ruling on this point, but when the railroads refused, they made the request for a ruling on their own initiative. And now the ruling has been made: the decision of the Railroad Labor Board is that it has no legal power to deal with the question. This is somewhat of a reversal, since on July 29th Chairman Barton wrote to both parties that the Board would set up its own machinery if they did not come to an agreement as to how to carry out Section 301. It is a defeat for the unions and the principle of free negotiation; a victory for the railroads, who think it to their advantage to have compulsory arbitration.

THE ruling also has its part in the nation-wide open-shop campaign. The Vice-President of the Pennsylvania railroad, W. W. Atterbury, has made, as the basis of his objection to the union leaders' plan for Adjustment Boards, the charge that this plan will lead to the domination of the roads by labor, and so through the Plumb Plan, the closed shop and the One-Big-Union to disaster. When introduced into the discussion of so complicated a problem, the bogeys of labor domination and the I. W. W. can produce little but confusion and anger.

FOR the second time since a strike was called, five months ago, in the non-union coal fields of Mingo County, West Virginia, Federal troops have been called in to restore order. It will be remembered that on May 19th several miners, the Mayor, and seven private detectives were killed in a street battle at Matewan, in the same coal fields. Ever since there has been a steady trickle of murders. Governor Cornwell of West Virginia puts the total at 50, the New York Herald at 37, the New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Times correspondent, from the scene of the trouble, at only 16. This part of the country has a long tradition of bloody feuds and quick triggers, and there is no doubt that many of the miners carry guns and use them. But the blame is overwhelmingly on the other side: on the coal operators who employ private battalions of armed guards and gunmen, and use them to evict striking miners from company houses without warrant and without due legal notice. These gunmen have in several cases shot union miners without provocation. It is Homestead all over again, and until laws are passed that effectively prevent private corporations from employing private armies to enforce their anti-union policies such civil war is bound to recur.

EARLY in January Charles Merz will begin a trip through Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, the Straits Settlements, China and Japan. He expects to be absent about a year.

THE fourth of Mr. H. N. Brailsford's articles on Russia will appear in the next number.

Letting Business Alone

AS soon as the armistice was signed, the business leaders of the country, in undertaking the reconstruction of the American economic organization, concentrated their attention on one idea and one object. The object was to get rid as quickly and as completely as possible of the existing political control of private business. The idea was that the supervision of private business in the interest of the production of an unusually abundant supply of goods, necessary though it was during war, had no justification during peace. Although the state could not trust private business, prompted as it was exclusively by the motive of private profit to supply the military needs of the nation, the state could and must fall back on the old organization and motives just as soon as hostilities were over. The American business men did not want any limitation imposed on their activity either in the real or supposed interest of the public. They had resented the controls and the restrictions of profits to which they had been subjected during the war and they interpreted and condemned such control as a paternalistic interference with their private affairs, which could only result in friction, waste and inefficiency and lack of production.

During the past two years business men have had their will. "Reconstruction" has consisted of doing away both with the crude war organization of private business for public service and with any reliance on the motive of public service or disinterested technical efficiency as drives for business operations. Yet leaving aside a certain number of exceptionally fortunate profiteers the result up to date of rebuilding the old edifice on the old foundation is apparently unsatisfactory to almost everybody. There is not one important business class or interest, except possibly the banks, which is not suffering severely from the ill effects of acting on the assumption that under the conditions that existed at the time of the armistice the public interest required the state to give a free rein to the cupidity of various classes who participated in the work of production. If the government had continued the national control over business, established during the war, the results might not, considering the clumsy ignorance of the bureaucratic machinery, have been any better, but it is difficult to see how they could have been any worse.

At present the all important economic need both of the American nation and of the other nations is an abundance of production to repair the wastes of the war. Every articulate business leader of the country was shouting this truth from the house-tops a year ago; and it is as true now as it was then. But production is precisely what the nations are not getting. There was an interval during which in France, Great Britain and this country the volume of production was considerable, but the goods were offered for sale at prices which always restricted the demand and finally killed it. The volume of production is, consequently, diminishing in many classes of goods and is threatened with diminution in others. Although the price which consumers are asked to pay for food is still almost as high as ever, the prices at which the farmers can sell the basic commodities which enter into food and clothing is so low that it is not profitable to produce them. Factories are shutting down and are either discharging their employees or putting them on half time or reducing their wages. Yet these unemployed wage-earners are still obliged to pay almost as much as ever for the necessities of life because the producers and distributors who are carrying large stocks of unsold goods cannot afford to lower the scheduled price of their stocks. With but few exceptions manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, are all engaged desperately in avoiding the writing off of losses on their inventories. Even the stock gamblers who are the most notorious and the least excusable of the war profiteers have abandoned a large percentage of their supposed profits. Business has had a freer hand than at any time since the days of Mark Hanna. Yet the farmers, the manufacturers, the wholesalers, the retailers and the wage-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earners are all bitterly dissatisfied with the result.

During the last two years the way to make large profits in business was not to increase production but to enter into tacit or admitted combinations with other producers in order to mark up prices. The demand for certain objects of immediate consumption, such as food, fuel, clothing and luxuries was such that for the time being consumers would pay almost anything for them. The sudden and complete abolition of the former controls over prices enabled the business man, who was supposed to serve the public by satisfying his own cupidity, to take advantage of this peculiar situation. The government had encouraged during the war the more important producers in particular industries to cooperate for the purpose of satisfying its demands for commodities. These combinations of producers persisted after the end of the war and used their machinery of association not to increase production or to eliminate wastes but usually to limit production and to impose on the consumer extortionate charges. The testimony about the practices which have prevailed in the coal trade and in the building trades is conclusive upon this point. The protection which competition was supposed to guarantee to the consumer almost completely disappeared, and the American public, which has traditionally been almost morbidly suspicious of capitalist combinations, enthusiastically elected to the Presidency the candidate whose chief conviction about public policy is that of a preestablished harmony between private and public business interests.

Those who share Mr. Harding's trust in private business, prompted by exclusively selfish motives, as the only and best instrument to obtain for the public a large volume of a high quality of production answer that the profiteers are now being punished for their sins and that the competitive system is righting itself. This contention is only partially true. The consumers' strike is bringing prices down, but it is bringing them down in such a manner and to such an extent that the innocent suffer far more than the guilty and the public need of a large volume of production will not be satisfied. The three classes which will suffer most from the process of deflation are the farmers, the wage-earners and the petty business men. The farmers are obliged to sell their products at utterly unrenumeratives prices and are beginning to question, as they did in the last decade of the nineteenth century, the justification for such disastrous vicissitudes in their economic standing. They are wondering whether the cards are not stacked against them and in favor of their creditors. The wage-earners who have struggled with only partial success to maintain the pre-war standard of real wages, are now threatened with an actual lowering of standard and with the immense volume of human suffering and wreckage which such a debasement brings with it. A powerful group of their employers are deliberately planning to use their suffering for the purpose of reducing them to completer subjection. The petty business man whose capital is small and whose existence is at best precarious is always killed off by the thousands during a period of rapid and acute deflation. In the present case the casualties will be unusually large, because while they have profited by the inflation, they have had to use their profits in their living and are unable to protect themselves against the shrinkage in prices. The net result of the distress of these three classes will be a considerably diminished power of popular consumption. The actual effect of depending upon wholly private business to satisfy the public need of consumable goods is the extinction of the need not by satisfaction but by its starvation.

The American people, it is already sufficiently apparent, will not submit tamely and unprotestingly to the consequence for particular localities and classes of this costly process of deflation. Even though they have elected Mr. Harding on a platform of non-interference with the sacred process of private business, they will soon be insisting on interference as drastic and probably as futile as the recent interference by the New York legislature with rights of the owner of real property. The interference is likely in the beginning to assume the traditional form of increased protection for the farmer and the manufacturer combined with some state-aided effort to finance the sales of American commodities in central Europe; but the attempt which the Republicans will make to monopolize the home market while at the same time encouraging American exports is self-contradictory and is bound to fail. As soon as its failure is apparent there will follow an impatient demand on the part of the farmer, the wage-earner and the petty business man for a kind of interference with private business which will renew the radical agitation of the last decade of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth centuries. The existing complacency of popular opinion about the abuses which have resulted and will continue to result from allowing the business man a free hand in the pursuit of his private interests is illusory and will not endure. The classes which will suffer most from the breakdown of unregulated capitalism will protest energetically, bitterly and perhaps dangerously.

But their new protest will not succeed any better than their past protests unless they supplement it with a sounder interpretation of the causes of the failure of unregulated capitalism. They will ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complish little or nothing by repeating in the case of other industries the kind of regulation which prevails in the railroad industry. The combinations into which both business men and wage-earners are driven in order to do away with dangers to themselves of unregulated competition have a real justification, and an industrial democracy must find a way of incorporating them in its own organization. But although necessary they are dangerous and impossible as long as the combination consists of units which are authorized to believe that in satisfying their own interest they are also satisfying the public interest and to act on that belief. The regulation of the competitive system, if it is to be effective and to provide a positive substitute for free competition, must reform the motive which provides the machine with its energy. It must substitute a disinterested objective motive for the selfish ingrowing motive, out of which modern society is vainly trying to obtain a socialized result. The cooperative movement supplies such a motive. Based as it is on the twin principles of the limitation of profits and the subordination of the capital invested in an economic enterprise to human life, it provides the one promising method of escape for the successive waves of anarchic private aggression and savage public repression which prevent existing industry from even beginning to satisfy the economic needs of a civilized people.

War in the Clothing Industry

CLOTHING strikes in New York come with the regularity of eastern epidemics. Their recurrence makes it important to analyse the sources of the trouble, especially since the industry affects immediately about a half million people who are dependent upon the earnings of the workers. And not only New York, but indirectly, through the contagion of industrial unrest, the whole country is concerned.

William James used to say "By plucking a feather, you do not get a chicken." Nor is the truth about the New York clothing strike to be obtained by a stray fact or two touching the immediate controversy. An understanding of this winter's trouble depends upon knowledge of the clothing industry for at least a generation, and the relation which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has to the industry.

The "sweat-shop," with all that it connotes, is a fair summary description of the New York clothing market before the organization of the workers in the Amalgamated. The operatives in the industry were underpaid and furiously overworked in unsanitary shops. Prior to 1915, when the union began to increase its organization, 35 per cent of the clothing workers were earning from $10 to $15 a week, 27 per cent from $5 to $10 a week, and only 3 per cent were earning more than $25 a week. These earnings are an index of the level at which the clothing worker was forced to live. With the progress of the Amalgamated organization, under the leadership of Mr. Sidney Hillman, the union successively crowded out the more notorious abuses, and progressively lifted the level of life. Thus, while even after the first two years of union activity the per capita weekly wages of its workers were lower than the average per capita in twelve representative industries, from 1917 on, the per capita weekly wages of clothing workers began to approximate a worker's needs as estimated by the authorities. Similarly, the union was effective in decreasing hours, so that by 1919, 85 per cent of the industry was on a 48-hour basis and in the spring of that year, the industry throughout the country went on a 44-hour basis.

These ameliorations of sweat-shop conditions and the adoption of sanitary standards were merely concrete manifestations of more fundamental changes. The evils of the clothing industry had grown out of the circumstances of its being. Neither the wickedness nor the incorrigible exploitation of manufacturers were responsible, at bottom, for the sweat-shop, but the highly seasonable and morbidly competitive nature of the business. During slack seasons the manufacturers had the workers by the throat, and during busy seasons the workers exerted what economic pressure they could. In other words, the New York market was controlled by economic forces which none of the many small employers by himself could overcome.

Profiting by the experience of industrial peace gained in Chicago at Hart, Schaffner & Marx's, the union sought to introduce the same methods into the New York market. Early in 1919, a machinery of government was set up in New York. The essence of the machinery consisted in subjecting the entire market to a control which curbed the individualism of both manufacturers and workers, and made both submit to a rule of industrial law which promised stability, minimized brute economic power in a highly seasonal occupation, and safeguarded the public interest as well, by enforcement through an impartial tribunal. 1919 was an abnormal year for such a plan, involving as it did, subordination of temporary individual interests to the permanent good of the entire industry. Last year was a year of heavy buying and corresponding labor shortage. Yet the attempt proved its value despite the turbulent strain of the year. Without the joint control exercised by the impartial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

machinery, a chaos of unbridled competition would undoubtedly have resulted, production would have been lower, wages would have risen earlier, and to a higher pitch, and these disruptive forces could hardly have avoided a complete breakdown.

It will no doubt surprise the general public to know that the union leaders succeeded in resisting the appetite of workers for increased wages when economic forces favored the worker. Still more surprising is it that the union leaders had to resist the advantage that would have been taken by the workers from overt and covert competition among individual manufacturers for individual workers. President Hillman fought this demoralizing tendency in an effort to break away from the irresponsibility of a ruthless competitive system which fundamentally means a gamble with the security and welfare of the thousands of dependents of the industry.

Experience shows stability in the industry needs more of the machinery, as well as the spirit, of control, in order to curb self-interest, when through inevitable periods of business depression, it becomes too great. Since seasonal unemployment is one of the industry's main sources of difficulty, as well as the haunting dread of the worker, it was recognized that a system must be devised by which the industry would bear the cost of its workers throughout the year. It was equally demonstrated that nothing so undermines the security of the worker, renders so uncertain the financial forecast of the manufacturer and so ignores the public interest as wage-fixing through economic power, regardless of production costs. Basing his position upon the maxim that nothing can be good for the union which in the long run is not good for the industry and the public which it serves, President Hillman secured from his convention acceptance of a policy favoring production standards. Anyone familiar with the suspicion labor unions traditionally have for any aspect of "scientific management," will realize the constructive attitude thus assumed by the Amalgamated.

Before these constructive policies could be worked out the business tide turned. Two alternatives thereupon confronted the manufacturers. One was to strengthen the forces of control through impartial machinery, secure more effective obedience to the common rule of the industry, encourage Hillman in his program, and thereby to evolve steadily out of the sweat-shop traditions, which still survive partly in practice, but principally in the psychology of its victims. The other alternative was a reversion to the old anarchy of a Kilkenny fight among the manufacturers, divided on all questions except the policy of recouping a fall in prices by a reduction of wages.

In the beginning of the negotiations some months ago, both the Manufacturers Association and the union looked towards a program of peace and an extension of the system of law and order. But with the increasing business depression some of the leaders of the industry reverted to their old traditions. There was unmistakable evidence of an effort to break down the impartial machinery which bound the manufacturers and union. In September a leading firm made a scrap of paper of its obligation to submit any controversy to peaceful adjustment. Economic pressure again placed workers at the mercy of the manufacturers and the more reckless were ready to turn the screw. To do so they first had to rid the association of its own labor manager. Major Gitchell, a scientific student of labor who achieved signal success during the war in the administration of industrial relations, was bent on saving and improving the machinery. He was scrapped therefore, and supplanted by a notorious union-baiting lawyer.

From then on the destructionists took charge. An ultimatum was issued to the union demanding as the basis of any further negotiation acceptance by the union of a piece rate instead of a week rate basis, and, secondly, of a reduction in wages to the level of competing markets. This ultimatum was tantamount to a declaration of war. By seeking to impose the will of one side upon the other it violates the essence of collective bargaining. The manufacturers claim that it is necessary to increase production and decrease costs. The union leaders agree. The union, responding to the suggestion of the Impartial Chairman, asks that a joint committee of the industry, representing manufacturers and workers, under the guidance of the Impartial Chairman, representing the public, should study the situation, determine the extent to which production can be increased, cost lowered and the means by which these ends can be obtained. The union then binds itself to secure the enforcement of a production program thus worked out. "No," says the Manufacturers' Association, "we know all the facts, we know how to secure increased production, and you, the union, must obey us when we tell you so." The association assumes uncritically that piece rates in and of themselves will increase production and decrease costs. It disregards the necessity of enlisting the workers' consent in a new policy of production.

The output per man in the clothing industry has probably decreased in the last few years. It must be remembered, however, that in New York the industry is still so near the sweat-shop days that its traditions linger as a standard of comparison. But in truth, the factual claim of the manufacturers has no scientific foundation. We do not know; we can only make a guess as to production

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rates in the New York market. There are no data of the variations of the market, nor of the production of the individual worker; nor do we know what constitutes a standard for a fair day's work. But it is known that the New York clothing manufacturers have not taken advantage of the economies that are possible with modern equipment and planning. It is idle to throw the responsibility for increasing production and decreasing costs solely upon the workers until they have at least a measure of control over the basic conditions that determine production in New York.

There is only one way out,—an assumption of responsibility by the entire industry. Only through a representative committee, studying the facts, inventing means of meeting the difficulties, enforcing the law of the industry upon every member, whether manufacturer or worker, educating the public to its share of the responsibility, will the clothing industry of New York permanently meet the difficulties which have now again summoned it to warfare. That is precisely the way of peace and of sanity which the Amalgamated is eager to take. It is the manufacturers who insist on war.

Secretary of State

IT is not likely that Mr. Harding knows at this early date who is to be Secretary of State in his cabinet. This need not mean that nobody knows. A decision may conceivably have been reached by the few Republican leaders, whoever they may be, in whose will Mr. Harding, as Dante almost said, hopes to find his peace. But these leaders will undoubtedly tell Mr. Harding what they want before they tell anybody else. It would not be team-play to give the newspapers a premature tip. The rumors are still nothing but rumors, in spite if the fact that they have lately grown less scattering, and have shown signs of concentrating upon three names.

In the course of the campaign Mr. Harding said more than once that his cabinet, if he should be elected, would consist of men eminent for ability. This promise might at first sight make it hard to account for the rumor that Mr. David Jayne Hill is being considered for the State Department, since none but Mr. Hill's most optimistic friends would go so far as to call his ability eminent. His specialty is a studious industry. His mind is better fitted to collect materials than to act strongly on the collection when made. Yet the rumors about Mr. Hill do not necessarily imply that Mr. Harding contemplates breaking his promise to put none but very able men in his cabinet. For aught the public knows to the contrary, Mr. Hill may satisfy Mr. Harding's idea of an able man. Mr. Harding's standards are still unknown.

Mr. Knox, another of the three men that rumor has been making Secretary of State, is obviously in a different class. Mr. Harding agrees with the rest of the world if he thinks Mr. Knox's ability remarkable. Critics of Mr. Knox's conduct of the State Department in Mr. Taft's administration, although they said he was often surprisingly unfamiliar with the department's business, did not question his grasp of any particular question that he put his mind on. His brain worked quickly and effectively on the data set before it. His shortcomings were due to a lack of that wisdom which sees the relations of many questions to one another, and which no Secretary of State, however clear-headed, can learn without a long and painstaking interest in international affairs. Mr. Knox, in other words, was a little narrow, rather an improviser, and more than a little indolent. We do not happen to know whether he is less indolent now than he was ten years ago, but of his native ability there can be no doubt.

With these two names, Mr. Knox's and Mr. Hill's, the rumors now afloat bracket Mr. Root's, and while it would be inexact to say, without a tedious and difficult analysis of what is meant by ability, that Mr. Root is as much abler than Mr. Knox as Mr. Knox is than Mr. Hill, yet no one would deny that Mr. Root is superlatively able. He is the ablest man whom Mr. Harding could conceivably desire to put at the head of the State Department. His one campaign speech was the most masterly that we read or heard in the whole course of the campaign. Extraordinarily clear, extraordinarily well constructed, it gathered weight and force as it moved toward its goal. One of the criticisms that liberal journals and speakers have all along been making of the Treaty is that the Covenant guaranteed in Article X such an arrangement of the map of Europe as was certain to cause trouble before long. Mr. Root took this criticism, led up to it, put it with a lucidity and force so admirable as to make many of us feel that in this one speech we had a standard of effective statement to try our own efforts by and to condemn them.

The commonest criticism of Mr. Root, that he has an advocate's mind, is in one way a covert expression of admiration and wonder. When he takes the stump in a political campaign he is not more an advocate than everybody else is who takes sides. The phrase is among other things an exclamation of surprise that a man whose mind seems so capable of discovering and propagating mere truth should care to exert his powers upon any task

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less interesting, narrower, less fit to call them all into activity. It would be impertinent in us to dogmatize about Mr. Root's more private preferences, but our guess is that this surprise strikes him as irrelevant, that he does not think the tasks he has done less interesting or less important than those he has not cared to do. Perhaps the criticism would seem to him a little less irrelevant if one put it in another form, if one were to wonder why a man so able to show a political party or a board of directors the end it should aim at has preferred to devote so much of his life to devising means to ends he did not choose. Although mere truth may in Mr. Root's eyes lack aim and purpose, can it not be employed as an aid in the choice of goals?

It may further be said of Mr. Root that even if he has an advocate's mind, the vices of that sort of mind vary in his case with the nature of his client. The larger the scope of that client's interests, the less partial, the wiser and more disinterested is Mr. Root's discourse in his client's behalf. In some of his actions as a lawyer he has, we think, taken too narrow a view of his function in this world, and of the obligations to the public which the possession of his intellect and authority imposed upon him. A more public-minded man would not have made this mistake, but is it not true that the mistake might equally have been avoided by a man more self-conscious and vainer? As Secretary of State he was thoroughly public-minded. His interest was keener in what he thought good for his country than in what he thought good for the Republican party. So it would be again if he should become Secretary of State a second time. "They say Root has an advocate's mind," Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have said, "but as Secretary of State he has the United States for his client."

Many of Mr. Root's opinions and aims are of course not those whose success we hope and work for. That is bound to be true of any Secretary of State in Mr. Harding's cabinet. But we should welcome Mr. Root's appointment. This world, if it is ever to get back what it has lost, needs the best brains in the most important places. It needs high ability, expert workmanship in administration and in government, men specially adapted to their difficult task. Mr. Harding gave signs during the campaign of believing that almost any Republican in good party standing would do well enough as President, but that the cabinet was the place for men of great mental force. His acceptance of his nomination proved the sincerity of one half of this belief. His appointment of Mr. Root would go far to prove his sincerity uniform, and to acquit him of the charge of thinking able Republicans almost as numerous as Republican Senators.

Sunday Tabu

THE Blue Sunday agitation comes to remind us again that modern education has made only a superficial progress against the great inherited systems of prejudice. Two or three generations of skimped and hasty schooling have done little to disperse them. At best in times of peace and plenty ancient dogmatism loses some of its virulence, and there is apparent willingness to follow reason, to be tolerant, and humane. But let danger appear, and it is not long before men's minds revert jump by jump to more and more archaic habits of thought. The twentieth century ideal of social cooperation is pushed aside by the memories of nineteenth century nationalism. This in turn is pushed aside by eighteenth century mercantilism and great power intrigue. The concept of increasing reliance on education wilts before the idea that heterodox opinion must be suppressed. The project of government in industry by joint agreement and of training for responsibility by experience gives way to a so-called "open shop" campaign. And in morals, the doctrine of defeating vice by making virtue exhilarating gives place to the more ancient doctrine that all but a comparatively few men are congenitally vicious and must be saved from hell by main force and awkwardness.

This desire of some to save the rest from hell is not, however, the final stage in the return to primitive thought. The final stage is the belief expressed by one of the Blue Law lobbyists that Sunday is enveloped in an immense tabu. Undoubtedly this is the actuating thought in the inner circles of the movement. It differs from the impulse to save others from hell, because it is not directed to the idea of any one's welfare here or hereafter. It is inspired originally by that fear of a tabued thing, which is characteristic of primitive man, but in a modern man is called morbid.

It is called morbid because it obsesses the mind, and rejects the whole process of reason which has been developed by the increasing complexity of civilized life. That the Blue Law agitation is purely irrational is shown by the proposals being made. It has for example nothing whatever to do with the idea of one day's rest in seven, for it is clearly impossible in modern society to have everyone rest at the same time. Nor is there any evidence that these busy gentlemen care particularly whether any one is rested or not, nor that they have considered how rest is to be obtained. Nor has the campaign anything to do with "commercialism," for if the organization of pleasure and service for profit is righteous and useful six days, it is, except in a compartmented world, no less righteous and useful on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seventh. Moreover, many of these censorious gentlemen think it is just as obnoxious for boys to play baseball on Sunday in a vacant lot as it is for highly paid professionals to play in front of the bleachers. They object as fundamentally to dancing in the home as they do to dancing in a dance hall. They would presumably permit city folk to walk the streets Sunday afternoon, but they would like to prevent them walking in the woods, if they have to use a train and not a motor car.

Their first theory is that any pleasure on Sunday which does not arise from hymns, prayers, sermons, and the Bible is a desecration in exactly the same sense as a European crossing the threshold of a Chinese temple is a desecration, or eating pork is a desecration to Moslems and orthodox Jews, eating flesh on Friday is a desecration to pious Catholics, kissing your wife on Sunday was a desecration in early New England. It is of the same quality as the insistence in some churches that men must keep on their hats, in others that they must take off their hats, of primitive congregations that women must be hidden in the gallery so as to prevent men's thoughts from straying. It is akin to the feeling about breaking a mirror, walking under a ladder, spilling the salt, the number thirteen, black cats and black crows, and lighting three cigarettes from one match.

The Sunday tabus cannot be discussed as a measure of social reform, because they originate in what is supposed to be a divine commandment, and not in the needs of social life. There is no appeal to the idea of secular welfare, and no respect for the democratic theory of consent. For the Blue Sunday is demanded on the basis of motives that are ever so much older than the Christian church. The impulses at work antedate any conscious conception of human welfare or of popular government. The roots of this movement are in pre-history, rationalized by a kind of theology, but impervious to reason. And so you cannot convince Dr. Bowlby that the Sabbath was made for man, when every fibre of his being trembles with the thought that the Sabbath was made for an inscrutable and jealous God.

In a finite world you cannot hope to educate men like him. You can only try to separate him from a great mass of quiet people in small towns whose own mode of life would not be altered much by these new prohibitions, who have no conception of the strain of city life and of the need of recreation, who are not critical enough to resist any appeal which quotes or misquotes scripture, who have a prejudice against city people anyway, and might thoughtlessly use their superior voting power to annihilate liberties which though vital to others are trivial to themselves. For the Blue Sunday is politically a phase of the misunderstanding between cities and villages, between congested industrialism and sparse agrarianism. The modern city and the country village cannot legislate for each other in the field of personal morals. For the moral problems are totally different. It requires a totally different kind of recreation to repair the effects of factory and office monotony, subway and trolley car strain, city noise, city air, city speed, economic insecurity and sheer human gregariousness, than it does to compensate for the weariness of rural life.

Neither city nor country has reached a measurable standard of recreation. If there is something insanely hectic in the pleasures of the city, there must be put beside it the resourceless vacancy of the rural evening and the rural Sunday especially in the winter months. There is nothing to boast about on either side, but the two are fundamentally not to be compared. It is for the rural voter to recognize this fact, and to let the cities alone. He will be better occupied making village life sufficiently interesting to keep the most enterprising and adventurous of his sons and daughters from huddling to the cities. He will, if he is wise, refuse to have anything to do with these impertinences, and if he admires the doctrine on which they are based, he will confine himself to practicing it upon himself.

For while there is much to be done about Sunday, nothing is to be done by making it more desolate. Everything to be done is in the nature of ventilating the day still further, of increasing its aesthetic and intellectual stimulus, cultivating further hobbies and interests and popular traditions, of exercising more fully the capacities of the human soul, of creating in short a competition with vice, and a standard of wholeness and variety for the emulation of the churches.

The New REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puritanism, Literature and War

WHEN I was a child, my room was decorated with two prints—one, of an aged Homer reciting to beautiful, athletic youths, the other, of a fire-eyed skald inflaming by song the fury of several large and rather fuzzy Norsemen; and I became convinced that war is the mother of literature. But then, to a mind sceptical almost in infancy, occurred the reflection that these bards and skalds could hardly themselves have been fighting men, or they would scarcely have lived to so startling an old age. I think I was twelve years old when I discovered this; and since that time, although my reasons are now more intelligent, I have never believed that war, whatever occasional Iliads it may, and does, strike out, is, on the whole, good for literature.

Others, however, are less sceptical, for the opinion is certainly common that war is not only an inspirer of great literature, but practically a prerequisite. The question is not one for schoolmasters merely; it is of much more than academic importance. If literature, at once the expression, pleasure, and glory of a people, is improved by war, then war receives thereby an added glamour. More than that: a belief in the real beneficence of war is almost forced on us by the theory that war is good for literature, for it is difficult to see how war can improve literature without having regenerated the people responsible for the art, and upon whose spiritual and mental health its quality depends. This is certainly an important matter, and one whose interest increases when it is realized that literature, reflecting as it does the inmost life and thought of a society, cannot really be examined in relation to a matter of such importance to that society as war without uncovering facts of very general significance.

This explains why the usual disquisitions on the subject are so unsatisfactory, for it cannot be said that they take us very deeply into the consideration of humanity as affected by war. As a rule, indeed, the argument for the indebtedness of literature to war has been based simply on the observation that there never was a literature not introduced by a period of war.

Now, this is quite true. Anything else would have been and is impossible, for, since there have always been wars, there has never been a time which was not preceded by them, and there has never been anything, therefore, literature or what not else, from civil service to the invention of hair-pins, which has not been ushered in by war. All this is obvious; and, with the case thus stated, it should be equally evident that the mere precedence of war to literature no more shows it responsible for the merits of that literature than it does for the tenacity of the hair-pins.

It is true that, if the Armada had been victorious, Shakespeare's work would have been different, but it is just as true that, if John Shakespeare had been different, William's plays would have varied. Indeed, if John had kept a dairy instead of a butcher shop, the career of his famous son would certainly have been altered. If Aristotle had not been a tutor and Boethius a convict, the whole history of philosophy would have been changed; but does anyone argue from this that a philosopher must be a tutor or a convict? Similarly, because Chinese art consistently accompanied the wearing by the aristocracy of gilded finger nails, can there be no art in China without this?

The mere co-existence of war and literature, then, is obviously no indication that the presence of the one is to any degree responsible for the merit of the other. If their concomitance is to be taken as a sign that they are cause and effect, there must be apparent in this concomitance some persistent parallels and repetitions. If, before a certain type of literary epoch, there had happened consistently certain types of war, or if only good literature, and never bad, always followed at a given distance after war, then there would be some logical grounds for deducing a desirable connection between war and literature. But the historical sequence of the two is a hodge-podge. Plato came after the Peloponnesian War, Sophocles and Euripides during it, Aeschylus before it. The achievements of Latin literature were produced after, during, and before, and at every conceivable interval from, every variety of civil and international war. The age of Shakespeare followed an honorable peace; the age of Pope, a dishonorable one. The French romantic movement followed a civil war and a brilliant war of aggression, while the German romantic movement accompanied a period of military abasement. Milton wrote Comus before the Rebellion and Paradise Lost after it. While, on the other hand, their various wars produced no art at all in Sparta, and the Thirty Years War destroyed literature in Germany. This is a strange jumble of circumstances from which to educe the law that literature depends on war. There is here no persistent paral-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lel between the two except the bare fact that no literature is found apart from war, just as it was not found apart from gilded nails in China.

The argument from history is a blind alley in the matter of war and literature, as is all similar reasoning based on their relations in the past, such as the argument that war has always formed an important subject-matter for literature. This too leads nowhere, for, if war has furnished literature a content, so has rape, and arson, and hooped petticoats; literature being omniverous and able to digest all occurrences or to dispense with any one. In all such readings of the past there is nothing to show whether the relations observed are accidental or basic. There is only one real approach to the problem: an analysis of war's effect on human nature; for whether literature gains or loses by war depends entirely on this effect.

Such an analysis may seem rather pretentious, but, as a matter of fact, despite the difficulty of what it proposes, it is upon just such a judgment of war's effect that the usual opinion of the relation of war and literature really rests, although the holder, self-deceived, ordinarily believes his case based on a reading of history. The delusion is possible because the usual opinion of war's effect is a matter of underlying intuitional reaction, not reached by intellectual analysis, but by a bias either temperamental or shaped by circumstances, and usually subconscious and unrecognized. Consciously, the critic who holds that literature gains through war may cry out against the horrors of war and its degradation of mankind, although literature can only reflect the state of its producers. But subconsciously there is an unrecognized but determinant persuasion that war is a good thing. A great part of our problem, accordingly, is to bring to light the hidden biases which have determined their holder's opinion of the effect of war on the human spirit, so that the reader may judge if these are attitudes he cares consciously to sponsor. The inquiry, therefore, now undertaken, although it may seem at first to digress from the subject of literature, is really only postponing the drawing of the moral to the stating of the case.

II.

St. Augustine carried his belief in the inherent wickedness of unregenerate human nature to such an extent that he believed that the unbaptized infant would burn in Hell to all eternity, that the infant dying in the womb would suffer a perpetual and horrible torment. Lecky, in his History of Rationalism, used St. Augustine as an example of the disappearance of ancient outlooks on life. But Lecky should have known better. Ancient outlooks are a Proteus which, under all their manifestations, maintain a persistent vigor. St. Augustine's attitude is simply one of the many aspects worn by that Old Man of the Sea, puritanism; and puritanism did not die with St. Augustine, or with the Puritans, or even with the late Mr. Anthony Comstock.

We are so accustomed at present to think of puritanism as an attack merely upon the normal manifestations of sex, upon play, and upon the glorification of the natural impulses in art, that we often fail to see that the fundamental trait of puritanism is a distrust of human nature in any form whatsoever. Puritanism is too big and prevalent a thing to be identified only with the vice societies. Wherever you find a mother imbued with the idea that the will of her child should be broken, there you find a puritan. Wherever you see a legislator obsessed with the idea that the slightest relaxation in the rigidity of the laws and the heaviness of the punishments restraining action will lead to a violent anarchy, there you see a puritan. Wherever you discover a man who despises himself because his healthy, normal feelings do not measure up to the conventions he has been taught to believe in, there you have a puritan. Distrust of normal human life does not now take the form of a belief in infant damnation; it takes the more subtle forms of rigid conventions, of a sense of sin, and of cramping legislation. And the hope that was once pinned to the grace of God to save us from ourselves is now attached to this same convention, self-distrust, and legislation.

I see the puritan nowhere more dominant than in a current attitude toward war. "We are grown fat and luxurious; our idealism is dead. War will purify us and make us whole"—this was said at the beginning. "France has been roused from decadence to a life of new unity and striving by the fearful sacrifice of war." "In that fiery furnace are refined away the selfish dross of narrow individualism. Fellow-feeling, moral ardor, idealism are born." These grandiloquences are quotations from newspapers whose representativeness is vouched for by the myriad extent of their readers. These newspapers, of course, are quite unaware that their spirit is puritan. I can imagine the astonishment of some sophisticated editor on being informed that he showed marked resemblances to St. Augustine. Yet, in these quotations, there is the same despair of normal, uninterrupted, commonplace human life, the same demand for something extraordinary to shock us out of it. "What America needs is a shock," said Professor Taft just before America entered the war, "and it's going to get it. Our ancient virtues cannot be dead; they merely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need a stimulus." Divine grace for St. Augustine, a shock for Mr. Taft, but the underlying feeling is the same.

It is astonishing—the nooks into which this variety of puritanism can be traced. It may be Pierre Loti maintaining in impeccable language that the war has made us aware of the pettiness and sordidness of our previous life, and that we shall not wish to return to it. In his graceful style, he mentions some of the things whose unforgivable meanness war has made clear. They are—denuded of literary circumlocution—an ordinary municipal election, a young and newly-married business man's ambition for success, the political arguments in which we try to convince a neighbor about some small point, and the literature of peace—in other words, the average life of the average man, which we who are not puritans do not think so damnable. Unsatisfactory, surely, improvable, certainly; but needing no such absolute Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. It may be objected that Pierre Loti is a rather exotic illustration, but certainly this cannot be said of Constant Reader, who writes to his paper that, much as he hates war, he does not see how a people can be inspired to the necessary idealism without it. Constant Reader too feels that the usual world is "sordid and mean"—to quote from Tennyson's evaluation of peace—and, with the poet, condemns the world because it will not follow any unworldly Arthurian ideals, but persists in pursuing its moral, quite ungodlike existence. This condemnation is Puritanism.

It is small wonder that men of this feeling toward the universe (and they form half the world) will hallow anything which promises to lift them from what they consider a sordid and animal routine. Now, war seems to promise all that they especially desire—the substitution of mass action and thought for personal aims, the enforced unity of wills naturally diverse, the sacrifice to ideals that must know no criticism—all the anti-humanistic and conventional paraphernalia by which people with a distrust of the natural have always sought to transcend it, or at least to crush it. Then, by the discipline and anguish of war are developed the resistant or repressive virtues beloved of puritans—patience, obedience, and self-sacrifice—as opposed to the more positive or creative virtues. Suffering and self-sacrifice have always been the puritan panacea, since they offer the hope of surmounting the offending desires and impulses by mortifying them. If one wonders why the many sacrifices of peace do not satisfy, the answer is that these sacrifices have become identified with ordinary human conduct, which is despised. But in war's strangeness, excitement, and theatricality is the promise of escape from the objectionable normality.

It is, then, small wonder that those who believe that war will regenerate the human heart should expect that it will renew the literature in which the heart beats.

But we who are not puritans, and do not take this view of the human spirit, can hardly hold this opinion of the needs of literature. And, to those who *are* puritans, we may venture to say that war will not have the particular uplifting effect on the human spirit, and hence on literature, that they hope. If shocks could cure, the race would have been shocked into Heaven long ago. The regeneration of humanity is not to be achieved by intoxication, martial or otherwise, but must be the result of a slow and painstaking evolution. To attain any real spiritual development, whether of a puritan or non-puritan variety, there is no other road than a gradual education.

Not a permanent uplift, but a temporary degeneration, results from war. I know it has been the custom to say that this war was different from all other wars, that the bigotry, parochialism, cruelty, and hate; the physical and moral degeneration which past wars are admitted to have caused, were, for the Allies, absent from this one. Those, however, who have had contact with this struggle know better, even if they will not tell; and those who have any sense of fact and insight into what human nature is like do not even need that contact to know that, in this case as in the others, mental uplift is not to be found in material depression. It is still true that bigotry and insularity are not cured by watching the last tumbled embers of one's shattered home; it is still true that the brotherhood of man is not so strongly felt with one's comrade a shredded corpse beside one; the stench of a battle-field has not gained in cultural value; vermin and disease have not gone, and trench rats took the place of jackals; chivalry is not advanced by the necessity of disembowelling the enemy wounded in a captured trench, for fear that they may shoot the victors in the back as they pass on to take the next trench; the many months away from productive work, in an abnormal environment, and then the racking strain of the first line, are not a stimulus to the capacities and industry of the discharged soldier, who still, when freed, suffers from the unnatural restraint of military discipline; and a mother is no happier because her son has been decently interred after an agonized strangling by poison-gas than if he had been left for the vultures on some ancient battle-ground . . . A nation's spiritual sanity, and through that the health of its literature, is not improved by these things.

People may protest that they know all this about the evils of war already, but the fact is, though they say that war is bad, they really often feel that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is good. The puritan is so deeply ingrained in most of us that it is hard not to think the sufferings of war and its destruction of individualism to be the road to virtue. And, indeed, even apart from the puritan strain in us, it is natural that we should cling to the belief that somehow good will come of all this evil; for the world would otherwise be hard to face. Accordingly, we emphasize the nobilities and strengthenings which the hazards of war do produce—the shattering of the walls of some smug soul at the martial trumpet blast, the heroisms, the unselfishness, the sudden earnestness of those before unthinking—all that development of the sacrificial or "puritan" virtues which war does often nobly foster; and, in the contemplation of this, and through our need for consolation, half close our eyes to the uglier but preponderating aspect of war. So great, indeed, is our need for this optimism that people resent any dissection of it. While the war was on, those who read this essay felt its disillusionizing endeavor as unsympathetic, sordid, and even flippantly heartless. This current self-delusion is why in so bald and moralizing a manner in the last paragraph, I repeated, although they are so hackneyed, some of the very real facts that make war, on the whole, neither the tonic of the soul nor the food of that mental and moral health which finds expression in great literature. Germany is not the modern Moses and Maecenas.

III.

Akin to the puritanical outlook is another attitude toward war as an instrument of regeneration which is likewise based on its ability to lift or shock us out of the customary mode of life. In the life and death struggle of war, so it is said, profound and basal emotions are stirred to a sincerity and vividness strange to peace. The reader must be familiar with the statements that war "puts us up against the real thing," that, through the strength and sincerity of emotion aroused by war, we learn at last the "realities of life." In contact with this reality, literature cannot help, they feel, but put on a new intensity and truthfulness. It is interesting to note that these realities are most talked of by bored routineers and romantic journalists, who would not know a reality from an opium dream. Now, quite apart from the fact that a writer who needs to have his insight quickened by the smell of blood definitely lacks the creative imagination, this talk of the realities rests upon a fundamentally unsound hypothesis. The experiences of a thirty-foot ceratosaurus in chase of its enormous paleolithic prey are not one whit more real than those of a tit-mouse; and, this being so, surely it is no paradox to assert that some little scholar may have feelings whose intensity puts to shame those of the most virile truckster. In one sense, the realities of life are everywhere—on the battle-field, on the campus, in the nursery, and over the counting desk. It is impossible to escape them, even by death. And reality on a battle-field is not more real but more noisy. In another sense, the realities are wherever there is mind and soul to appreciate them, and the depth of their reality is in direct ratio to the sensitiveness of the perceptions and understanding of those beholding them. Ruskin put it that "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace"; and, he added, "If we were earth-worms liable at any instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might be bad for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive."

Granted, then, that we live, and our life is real, not in proportion to our elementariness and closeness to the carnivora, but to the sensitiveness of our reactions, what is the relation of this truth to war? Well, it is pretty obvious that the man who would use the trenches as a school for sensibility, and try there to improve the perceptive delicacy and sympathetic imagination through which life becomes more real, would be likelier to end in the psychiatric ward than in the hall of fame. The truth is that man burrowing in the trenches *is* an earth-worm liable to be cut in two at any second by the spade. He is happiest there who, like the worm, has feelings of least vividness. Self-defence demands this; and also that for sincere personal impression there be substituted the conventional mass-emotion appropriate to the action of the moment. How much "reality" is open to a vision so blunted and distorted?

How much reality, then, will this vision preserve for us in literature? I ask this not only concerning soldiers at the front, but also about the nations behind them. They too lose, not gain, in their appreciation of reality. They too must color facts which, unadorned, would be too painful. And it is a question, indeed, if the hysteria and hate which is the especial attribute of those who stay behind is not more blinding than the mud of the trenches. In the trenches, one sees at least the mud. What Lessing said of the gladiatorial games applies also to the theater of war, both as to its actors and spectators: "I am convinced that the gladiatorial shows were the chief reason why the Romans never attained even to mediocrity in their tragedies. In the bloody amphitheatre the spectators lost all acquaintance with nature. A Ctesias might have studied his art there, never a Sophocles."

F. B. KAYE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, Listen to Your Own

"AMERICA has no *tradition*. She has no culture-history."

Therefore, she is damned.

Europe invariably arrives at this self-congratulatory conclusion, usually from the same stock starting-point, the same phrase about tradition and culture. Moreover it usually gets Americans in the eye, for they really haven't anything more venerable than the White House, or more primitive than Whistler. Which they ought to be thankful for, boldly proclaiming this thankfulness.

Americans in Italy, however, are very humble and deprecating. They know their nakedness, and beg to be forgiven. They prostrate themselves with admiration, they knock their foreheads in front of our elegant fetishes. Poor, void America, crude, barbaric America, the Cinquescents knew her not. How thankful she ought be! She doesn't know when she is well off.

Italy consists of just one big arrangment of things to be admired. Every step you take, you get a church or a coliseum between your eyes, and down you have to go, on your knees in admiration. Down go the Americans, till Italy fairly trembles with the shock of their dropping knees.

It is a pity. It is a pity that Americans are always so wonderstruck by our—note the possessive adjective—cultural monuments. Why they are any more mine than yours, I don't know—except that I have a British passport to validify my existence, and you have an American. However . . .

After all, a heap of stone is only a heap of stone—even if it is Milan Cathedral. And who knows that it isn't a horrid bristly burden on the face of the earth? So why should the Corriere della Sera remark with such sniffy amusement: "Of course they were duly impressed, and showed themselves overcome with admiration"—*they* being the Knights of Columbus, i Cavaliere di Colombo.

The Knights of Columbus were confessedly funny in Milan. But once more, why not? The dear, delicate-nosed, supercilious Anna Comnena found Bohemund and Tancred and Godfrey of Bouillon funny enough, in Constantinople long ago. And well-nurtured Romans never ceased to be amused by the gaping admiration of Goths and Scythians inside some forum or outside some temple, until the hairy barbarians stopped gaping and started to pull the wonder to pieces.

Of course, Goths and Scythians and Tancred and Bohemund had no tradition behind them. Luckily for them, for they would never have got so far with such impedimenta. As a matter of fact, once they *had* a tradition they were fairly harnessed. And if Rome could only have harnessed them in time, she might have made them pull her ponderous uncouth Empire across a few more centuries. However, men with such good names as Alaric and Attila were not going to open their mouths so easily to take the bit of Roman tradition.

You might as well sneer at a lad for not having a gray beard as jibe at a young people for not having a tradition. A tradition, like a bald head, comes with years, fast enough. And culture, more often than not, is a weary saddle for a jaded race.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Let us live in hopes. But it isn't the end of all joys. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it: quite as good as that prickly sea-urchin of Milan Cathedral, O Knights of Columbus! As for the sea—la mer, c'est moi. La mer, c'est aussi vous, o Chevaliers de Colombe. Which is to say, there are quite as many wonders enfathomed in the human spirit as ever have come out of it: be they Milan Cathedral or the Coliseum or the Bridge of Sighs. And in the strange and undrawn waters of the Knights of Columbus, what wonders of beauty, etc., do not swim unrevealed? A fig for the spiny cathedral of Milan. Whence all this prostration before it?

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. But there's more than one old joy. It isn't the limit. Do you expect me to gasp in front of Ghirlandaio, that life has reached its limit, and there's no more to be done? You can't fix a high-water mark to human activity: not till you start to die. Here is Europe swimming in the stagnation of the ebb, and congratulating itself on the long line of Cathedrals, Coliseums, Ghirlandaios which mark the horizon of the old high water: people swarming like the little crabs in the lagoons of Venice, in seas gone dead, and scuttling and gaping and pluming themselves conceitedly on the vision of St. Mark's and San Giorgio, looming up magic on the sky-and-water line beyond.

Alas for a people when its tradition is established, and its limit of beauty defined. Alas for a race which has an exhibition of modern paintings such as the one in the Gardens at Venice, in this year of Grace 1920. What else is left but to look back to Tintoret? Let it look back then.

Let the beauty of Venice be a sort of zenith to us, beyond which there is no seeing. Let Lincoln Cathedral fan her wings in our highest heaven, like an eagle at our pitch of flight. We can do no more. We have reached our limits of beauty. But these are not the limits of all beauty. They are not the limit of all things: only of *us*.

Therefore St. Mark's need be no reproach to an American. It isn't *his* St. Mark's. It is ours. And we like crabs ramble in the slack waters and gape at the excess of our own glory. Behold our golden Venice, our Lincoln cathedral like a dark

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bird in the sky at twilight. And think of our yesterdays! What would you not give, O America, for our yesterdays? Far more than they are worth, I assure you. What would not *I* give for your tomorrows!

One begins to understand the barbarian rage against the great monuments of civilization. "Go beyond *that,* if you can," we say to the American, pointing to Venice among the waters. And the American humbly admits that it can't be done. Rome said the same thing to Attila, years gone by. "Get beyond Aquileia, get beyond Padua, you barbarian!" Attila promptly kicked Aquileia and Padua to Smithereens, and walked past. Hence Venice. If Attila or some other barbaric villain hadn't squashed the cities of the Adriatic head, we should have had no Venice. Shall we bewail Aquileia or praise our Venice? Is Attila a reprehensible savage, or a creator in wrath?

Of course it is simple for America. Venice isn't really in her way, as Aquileia was in the way of Attila, or Rome in the way of the Goths. Attila and the Goths *had* to do some kicking. The Americans can merely leave us to our monuments.

There are limits. But there are no limits to the human race. The human race has no limits. The Milanese fished that prickly seabear of a cathedral out of the deeps of their own soul, and have never been able to get away from it. But the Knights of Columbus depart by the next train.

Happy is the nation which hasn't got a tradition and which lacks cultural monuments. How gay Greece must have been, while Egypt was sneering at her for an uneducated young nobody, and what a good time Rome was having, whilst Hellas was looking down a cultured and supercilious nose at her. There's as fine fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

America, therefore, should leave off being *quite* so prostrate with admiration. Beauty is beauty, and must have its wistful time-hallowed dues. But the human soul is father and mother of all man-created beauty. An old race, like an old parent, sits watching the golden past. But the golden glories of the old are only fallen leaves about the feet of the young. It is an insult to life itself to be *too* abject, too prostrate before Milan Cathedral or a Ghirlandaio. What is Milan Cathedral but a prickly, empty burr dropped off the tree of life! The nut was eaten even in Sforza days.

What a young race wants is not a tradition nor a bunch of culture monuments. It wants an inspiration. And you can't acquire an inspiration as you can a culture or a tradition, by going to school and by growing old.

You must first have faith. Not rowdy and tub-thumping, but steady and deathless, faith in your own unrevealed, unknown destiny. The future is not a finished product, like the past. The future is a strange, urgent, poignant responsibility, something which urges inside a young race like sap, or like pregnancy, urging towards fulfillment. This urge you must never betray and never deny. It is more than all tradition, more than all law, more than all standards or monuments. Let the old world and the old way have been what they may, this is something other. Abide by that which is coming, not by that which has come.

And turn for the support and the confirmation not to the perfected past, that which is set in perfection as monuments of human passage. But turn to the unresolved, the rejected.

Let Americans turn to America, and to that very America which has been rejected and almost annihilated. Do they want to draw sustenance for the future? They will never draw it from the lovely monuments of our European past. These have an almost fatal narcotic, dream-luxurious effect upon the soul. America must turn again to catch the spirit of her own dark, aboriginal continent.

That which was abhorrent to the Pilgrim Fathers and to the Spaniards, that which was called the Devil, the black Demon of savage America, this great aboriginal spirit the Americans must recognize again, recognize and embrace. The devil and anathema of our forefathers hides the Godhead which we seek.

Americans must take up life where the Red Indian, the Aztec, the Maya, the Incas left it off. They must pick up the life-thread where the mysterious Red race let it fall. They must catch the pulse of the life which Cortes and Columbus murdered. There lies the real continuity not between Europe and the new States, but between the murdered Red America and the seething White America. The President should not look back towards Gladstone or Cromwell or Hildebrand, but towards Montezuma. A great and lovely life-form, unperfected, fell with Montezuma. The responsibility for the producing and the perfecting of this life-form devolves upon the new American. It is time he accepted the full responsibility. It means a surpassing of the old European life-form. It means a departure from the old European morality, ethic. It means even a departure from the old range of emotions and sensibilities. The old emotions are crystallized forever among the European monuments of beauty. There we can leave them, along with the old creeds and the old ethical laws outside of life. Montezuma had other emotions, such as we have not known or admitted. We must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

start from Montezuma, not from St. Francis or St. Bernard.

As Venice wedded the Adriatic, let America embrace the great dusky continent of the Red Man. It is a mysterious, delicate process, no theme for tub-thumping and shouts of Expositions. And yet it is a theme upon which American writers have touched and touched again, uncannily, unconsciously, blindfold as it were. Whitman was almost conscious; only the political democracy issue confused him. Now is the day when Americans must become fully self-reliantly conscious of their own inner responsibility. They must be ready for a new act, a new extension of life. They must pass the bounds.

To your tents, O America. Listen to your own, don't listen to Europe.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Florence, 1920.

Apropos of Mr. Lawrence:

The Crude Barbarian and the Noble Savage

THESE twin complexes alternately control a great part of what is written in Europe about America. In moments of disfavor the Crude Barbarian represents America. And the expatriated American of whom Mr. Lawrence has evidently met a sufficient number hang their heads in shame at the portrait. The Crude Barbarian, dollar chasing, Cook's touring, jazzing, and breaking all records was America to many Allied journalists before we entered the war, was America to the Germans after we entered the war, is America after the withdrawal from the peace. Alternating with it is the Noble Savage complex. When the Crude Barbarian is up, the Noble Savage is down out of sight. When the balance of public or of individual favor is shifted, the seesaw tilts, the Noble Savage comes up, and the Crude Barbarian is submerged.

Mr. Lawrence is plainly in the Noble Savage phase. In its simple imagery there is a tall, naked figure, looking at the sunrise, chanting Whitman, with the torch of liberty in one hand and an antidote for trouble in the other. The more feverish and intricate Europe is, the more acceptable the Noble Savage. He ought to exist: a virgin continent, a purifying ocean, no troubled past, no tangled passion, the boast of freedom, the sad gay Indians, and the mysterious name of Montezuma.

But it is mostly paste and paint. For America is a nation of emigrants who took possession of an almost empty land. They wiped out the natives who were in their path, and interned the rest. Until quite recently they had never heard of the Aztecs and the Incas. Mr. Lawrence should study his map. He will see that the Aztecs flourished in Mexico; the Incas in Peru. He will note that it is still a longer and a harder journey from America to those excavated ruins than it is to the Milan Cathedral. Spiritually the distance is ever so much greater. Americans can "start with Montezuma" with precisely as much success as the distinguished author of Sons and Lovers can start with Sargon. That is to say, they can start by looking him up in the encyclopedia.

So while it may be artificial to work from the the ground plan and the forms of European culture, it is a thousand times more artificial to start from cultures about which nothing is known but that which can be inferred from what has survived the weather. From these survivals an artist may now and again copy a motive, but a culture he cannot derive by starting from Montezuma for the plain reason that there is nothing to start from.

It is no less untrue to suppose that America is without tradition. The history of Europe before the colonization is unmistakable in American thought; there are about three centuries of experience on the basis of that inheritance, and there is a continual accretion of fresh European influences. All this contributes a living past, which it is possible to forget, but impossible to ignore.

But although America is an integral part of the western world, there is this important difference between America and Europe. The Europeans who migrated to America could not carry much baggage with them. They brought and are bringing their psychological inheritance because that is attached to their bodies, but they have left behind the furniture which served that inheritance. In America, therefore, they are not completely housed. Some are complacently unaware of this fact. They are the people who figure as Crude Barbarians. Others, a much smaller number, are acutely aware. They are the prostrate folk who have annoyed Mr. Lawrence.

He has, I think, misunderstood them. He cannot see why they are not Noble Savages in an intensely creative mood, because he does not see that they are hungry for the external forms of that life which in every fundamental desire is common to the whole of western civilization. The absurdities of this hunger are obvious enough, and are easily mistaken for it. But it is a dangerous misapprehension. For there is no slightest chance as Mr. Lawrence fears, that Americans will care too much for Ghirlandaio or the Milan Cathedral. To counterbalance every pedant there are tens of thousands of philistines who will not care at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are the opaque and frustrating thing which prevents fulfillment. Tell them to ignore the European past and they will hear you gladly. But do not imagine that because they ignore what is fine in the past that they will welcome what is fine in the future. On the contrary. You simply harden their sensibilities a little more, and supply them with a noble reason for remaining insensitive. You persuade them to the disuse of those very faculties which will be needed to welcome that "unrevealed, unknown destiny" whenever and wherever it is revealed and known.

Mr. Lawrence's futurist rage against a museum world is understandable in Florence. It is meaningless from Broadway to San Francisco. American artists and American writers are not being suffocated by the perfection of the past, but by the scorn of excellence in the present. The American people have just overwhelmingly elected a President who took pains to put himself on record against excellence. We have a Mayor in New York whose contempt for "art artists" has been officially expressed. We have a public opinion that quakes before the word highbrow as if it denoted a secret sin, and bureaucrats who will not permit Mr. Lawrence's novels to go unexpurgated through the mails. His article would please them if they read it. They would see in it still another way in which to isolate themselves from the dangerous contagion of the human race.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Haiti and Intervention

IN July, 1915, one of the recurring revolutions broke out in Haiti. The United States forcibly intervened, and Marines were landed "for the purpose of preventing further rioting and for the protection of foreign life and property." The American forces, the Secretary of the Navy reported, "were welcomed by the masses of the Haitian people." Political and financial control followed. Admiral Caperton, and not the Haitian Congress, decided when it was time to elect a Haitian president; and when that time came a Haitian agreeable to the United States was chosen because he realized "that Haiti must agree to any terms demanded by the United States and he professes to believe that any terms laid down by us will be for Haitian benefit." A treaty was duly ratified by which the United States established a customs receivership, financial control, and a native gendarmerie, officered by Americans. Thereupon, in December, 1915, Secretary Daniels expressed the hope that "Haiti will soon be established on a firm basis, and that at an early date a large proportion of American forces can be withdrawn." Except for the transfe. some of the Marines to quell disturbances in San Domingo, this hope was not fulfilled. A year later the State Department advised the Navy Department "that the time has not yet arrived for the withdrawal of the naval forces now in that country and the termination of martial law. Until such time as the gendarmerie has proven itself loyal and efficient in all emergencies and the internal peace of Haiti is thereby definitely assured it is the desire of this Department that the present status be continued." And the "present status" still continues. In the meantime the Navy Department glows in recounting, from year to year, the high achievements of intervention. In his Report for 1918, Secretary Daniels tells us that Haiti,

> under the direction and guidance of naval administration, has, in peace and quiet, and just laws well administered, enjoyed development, prosperity, and tranquility. The Marines have not only preserved order, but have aided in system of internal improvement.
>
> In both Santo Domingo and Haiti the people have learned that the United States has no policy except one of unselfish friendship and neighborliness, and is using its good offices to secure stable conditions that will redound to the welfare of the people of these two countries, long disturbed by revolution and intrigue.

In his last Annual Report of December, 1919, Secretary Daniels gave to the country this happy summary:

> Called to restore order and administer the finances of these governments [Haiti and Santo Domingo] close to us in geography and interest, it is gratifying to report that there has been freedom from all suggestion of selfish aims on the part of the occupying civilian and military agencies. The development of the country, the education and welfare of the people, improvement in agriculture, the firm and kind administration of justice have borne their fruit in the most prosperous era in the history of these neighbor governments.

This official contentment with our rule in Haiti began to be challenged first by murmurs and later by louder voices of criticism. Ugly charges became articulate,—that there was financial exploitation, enforced through brutality against the natives. But the country at large, indifferent to our Caribbean ventures, was not aroused till it read that the Major-General Commandant of the crack Marine Corps "was shocked beyond expression by the behavior of the Marines in Haiti." The behavior which aroused the burning protest of General Barnett involved nothing less than the use of the corvée system (a form of peonage) and "practically indiscriminate killing of natives." On top of this disclosure came the declaration of Admiral Knapp that the United States would have to remain in Haiti for a generation. Thus, so quickly and completely had Secretary Daniels's hope of early with-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wal vanished, at least in officialdom. To be ure the State Department, in an inspired statement, softened the gloomy outlook of Admiral Knapp by indicating that the Haitians would be granted "home rule" step by step—home rule to be accorded to a country that functioned as a republic for a hundred years before our intervention and even now is a charter member of the League.

These facts tempt generalization: it is the same old story of temporary intervention to restore order, ripening by steady stages into effectual annexation; it is the same old story of economic imperialism, the story of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal in Africa, of American enterprise in Panama, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Haiti; exploitation of and brutality towards the "inferior race" and degradation of the "superior race," consequences inevitably attending any violation of the principle of non-intervention. Thus runs the argument of the doctrinaire liberal.

It is a weighty argument; and the general attitude from which it arises is indispensable for a humane and peaceful solution. In so far as the argument is an affirmation of the evils of past interventions it is incontestable. But the denial that even under a different international practice than that with which we are familiar intervention can ever be justified over-simplifies the facts of life. Non-intervention protects the so-called backward areas against the outside world, but it fails to protect the world against the causes of conflict in the backward areas. To assert non-intervention as an inflexible dogma denies that states vary profoundly in their stages of development and disregards the interdependence of the world.

Yet, in practice, the charges which the doctrinaire makes are sustained; intervention among the non-adult peoples *is* a long story of exploitation of the "inferior" races and degradation of the "superior." Why is this? Fundamentally, of course, because, as Mr. Leonard Woolf has shown in his "Empire and Commerce in Africa," the modern state is an instrument of economic exploitation. But wholly apart from the evil operations of the exploiting motive, the governing of alien peoples involves temptations and the removal of restraints which give rise to practices of race superiority and a belief in order through force rather than through patient education.

But all civilized nations claim to be trustees in assuming authority over alien people. Every country avows the theory and no country respects it. For the essence of trusteeship is accountability to others. Thus far however no country has submitted to this responsibility of the trustee. The United States is no exception, for only its own conscience has guided the discharge of its trust. Through the mandatory system, President Wilson and General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil sought to render the trustee idea effective.

If the flush of the idealism of war-making had survived the peace-making at Paris, it might have been possible for a President to have enlisted the country's support for submitting our administration of the Caribbean receiverships to the supervision of the League of Nations. For the present, at least, such recognition of our international responsibility is not to he hoped for, even if and when the United States enters the League. But if we are honest, if we really mean to be friends with the Latin American States,—and as President Wilson said in his famous Mobile speech, "You cannot be friends [with them] upon any other terms than upon the terms of equality"—then there is no answer to the policy of non-intervention on this continent, except as the mandatory of a Pan-American concert. President Roosevelt was right in speaking of the "interests of collective civilization" but "collective civilization," and not we alone, must determine when those interests arise and what they demand. Though the conception may have been new to orthodox international lawyers, President Roosevelt was right in urging an "international eminent domain"; but in decency we can enforce such an extraordinary and equivocal power only as the instrument of international authority and not act merely upon our national self-righteousness.

A Pan-American Council should determine the necessity for intervention and its nature, and supervise its administration. Only a standing body, equipped and vigilant, can make effective the idea of trusteeship; only through such a body, and in such wise, will the shame of Haiti be purged and avoided in the future. Such a Pan-American Council will not be an aggressive enterprise of the United States, for it will have the sanction of disinterestedness of *all* the American republics. The time seems ripe; and one ventures to suggest that no one is so happily circumstanced by responsibility and prestige to initiate this movement as Director Leo S. Rowe of the Pan-American Union. Nothing else would afford South America such rousing confidence. Nothing else would furnish such impulse for imitation by European countries in the government of non-adult peoples. Both President Wilson and President-elect Harding talk much about America's "leadership of the world. Only through candor and disinterestedness may she exercise it. If America truly acted upon the principle of trusteeship in the rule of alien peoples the practice would receive a powerful impetus, and we would acquire enhanced authority in asserting this principle against other nations.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Congress of Philosophy at Oxford

ONE day last fall, when the creepers glowed red on the gray walls of the Colleges, and spires and pinnacles seemed to dance in the shimmering radiance of the autumn sun, philosophers from many countries assembled for a congress at Oxford.

Like many other forms of peaceful and constructive international cooperation, The International Congress of Philosophy, which used to meet every four years, fell a victim to the war. Its last ordinary meeting was to have been held in London in 1916. Today no man can tell when a full gathering of thinkers from all civilized countries will again become possible. Meanwhile, it was not unfitting that the three chief British societies, The Mind Association, The Aristotelean Society, and the British Psychological Society, should have decided to make their joint meeting this year a more than merely British gathering. An offer of hospitality was sent to the members of the French Philosophical Society. The American Philosophical Association was invited to be represented by delegates. The result was a Congress which, whilst far from international in the full sense, yet had a strongly international character. A numerous French contingent was headed by Bergson, Xavier Léon, and Marcel Mauss. The three official representatives of American philosophy (W. P. Montague, of Columbia University, J. E. Boodin, of Carleton College, and the writer) were supported by many Americans now studying at British or French universities. There were visitors, too, from Poland and Japan. But, of course, the bulk of the audiences was British, including not only most of the younger teachers of philosophy and psychology, but also many distinguished students from non-academic circles, headed by England's two philosopher-statesmen, Lord Haldane and Mr. A. J. Balfour. A few conspicuous gaps there were. The absence of Lévy Brahl and de Wulf, of John Watson (of Johns Hopkins University), of William MacDougall (gone to Harvard), of Bertrand Russell (gone to Peking for a year's professoring), and of those giants of an older generation, Bradley, Bosanquet, James Ward, was a great loss to the Congress. And it was a real pity that it had not been possible to arrange for the representation of Italy. For since the beginning of the century Italy has proved herself the home of perhaps the most vigorous and striking philosophical movement in Europe—a renaissance of idealism in the work of Croce, Gentile and their school.

The Congress took its work seriously. The temptations of college hospitality and the beauties of Oxford were not allowed to interfere with a heavy program of nine sessions crowded into three days. Some of the speaking was of a high order of excellence, Bergson's opening address especially being of rare eloquence and lucidity. Never did his philosophy seem so persuasive and plausible as now when it came in limpid sentences from his own lips. The interest of the discussions was, as a rule, well sustained, and a majority of the papers submitted made instructive contributions to the topics in debate.

These topics were extraordinarily varied. They ranged from physics to psychology, from religion to international politics, from problems of aesthetics to problems of logic. The waning influence of religion, in its traditional forms, on the modern world and the consequent problem of moral education on a non-religious basis provided the occasion for a fresh discussion of the relation of morals and religion. Einstein's theory of relativity occupied one session, the principle of nationality in its bearing on the League of Nations and world peace, another. Distinguished writers, critics, and psychologists joined in a discussion of the functions of mind and medium in art. No less than four sessions, nominally very different in their topics, turned out in fact to be closely connected. Through the separate discussions of disorders of symbolic thinking due to local lesions of the brain, of Watson's theory of thinking as a species of bodily behavior, of the psychology of meaning, and of the Platonic versus the psychological theory of universals, ran a connecting thread in the problem of the status and function of images in thinking. More than once these discussions dug deep into the whole problem of the nature of thought.

The question will be asked by some, what was the outcome of it all? Was any addition made to our knowledge? Was any agreement achieved on questions on which hitherto philosophers have, after their fashion, unprofitably differed? Did the puzzles of relativity, for instance, get cleared up?

The answer must, in the main, be No; with the reminder added that not by these standards is the success of the congress or the value of philosophy to be measured. Take the discussion of relativity as a test-case. Here is a problem which touches physical experiments and methods of measurements at one end and abstract speculation on the nature of space and time at the other. It is a problem which the very scientists who have raised it acknowledge to be philosophical. The discussion of it was opened by an astronomer, an expert on Aristotle, a logician well versed in mathematics and physics, and a physicist. Except that the first three agreed in attacking most of the views of the fourth, there was little harmony to be found among them. Not unfairly could A. N. Whitehead sum up the outcome by saying that, brilliant though Einstein's mathematical achievement is, the fundamental concepts of his theory are open to question and capable of divergent interpretations; that there are, in fact, several theories of relativity to which he proceeded to add a fresh one of his own.

No, the value of the debates at the congress lay elsewhere than in agreements on the registration of new facts. It left on all its members who could look beneath the surface, one deep and abiding impression—the impression that philosophy is the one force which amidst the diverse and often centrifugal tendencies of modern life and thought makes for integration. True, the task is huge, and probably beyond the power of any single thinker. Still, the value of philosophy lies precisely in this, that it alone has the ambition to attempt the task of integration. It stands explicitly for the conviction of the unity of civilization. To realize this unity by a survey, and total interpretation, of all the main provinces of man's rational activities is the program of every thinker who becomes fully alive to the opportunity and the need. In the work of the Congress the pull towards the realization of this unity was discernible equally in the range of topics discussed and in the pooling of minds through their very differences. For every fresh angle of approach, every new consideration adduced, added to the data for a complete understanding of a topic in its many-sided complexity. There was, too, a sense abroad at the Congress that the unity of civilization needs to be safeguarded, not only in the various domains of theory, but even more in the world of economics and politics. At a moment in the world's history when the forces of chaos and disunion are everywhere threatening to prevail, a heavy responsibility rests on the philosophers of every country. Marcel Mauss did well to remind the Congress that the future trembles in the balance and that never did the world need so much as now the faithful leadership of its "lovers of wisdom."

R. F. Alfred Hoernle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

NOT long since there appeared in the London Nation a group of articles on the present conditions and tendencies of American literature. Those articles were written by Morris Cohen, Joel Spingarn, Thomas Reed Powell, H. L. Mencken, Padraic Colum and myself, and had been besought and edited by me at the request of the London Nation. So far, so good. The belated appearance of the articles did not rock the universe. The circulation of the London Nation did not appreciably rise, nor did it appreciably sink. Mr. Massingham, the editor, said he was pleased with the articles and that was all. Mr. Daniels did not, as he usually does, threaten to increase the size of the navy. Mr. Colby did not, as he has been known to do, forward a note. The affair passed off quietly, without international complications.

But someone, I know not who, suggested to a non-Anglo-Saxon American-born American that he obtain permission from Mr. Massingham to reprint these articles as a pamphlet; and, after due consideration, and for due consideration, Mr. Massingham gave permission. Five of the articles appeared, in a pretty gray paper binding. (The price cannot be mentioned, owing to the Post Office Regulations, but it is the sort of price that publishers call nominal, meaning that the profit is kept down to 70 per cent.) And, in course of time, this pamphlet came for review to the New York Times, who assigned it to Brander Matthews of Columbia.

Professor Matthews reviewed it along these lines: "No one of the five belongs to the forthputting Anglo-Saxon stock which made the energetic English language in its own image, which created English literature and which evolved the social, political and personal ideals which are the precious possessions of the English-speaking commonwealth. Those of us who do belong to this stock cannot but wonder why these five writers supposed that they had any warrant to speak for us or to expound our literature to those of the same stock who dwell in the United Kingdom where that stock consolidated itself"—and is still consolidating itself. He adds one word as to the actual subject in hand, not a group of birth certificates but a group of criticisms: "they are written from an angle that is not ours and in a perspective that is not ours. Their standards seem alien."

During the twenty years since I first passed the Statue of Liberty, coming in, this is the first time that I have been asked to produce a warrant for "expounding" American literature. It is a new sensation, a little like the sensations that are said to be provided in Soviet Russia. I don't altogether like it. But the tradition of liberty—"English liberty"—being what it is, I feel that I owe it to Mr. Matthews to produce such warrant as we "aliens" possessed to write about the present conditions of American literature.

We had the same warrant, I take it, that all critics have to expound anything, the warrant of their interest in human culture. It was no more and no less than the interest which directed Brander Matthews to write his own book, French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. It was the same warrant that Brander Matthews had to introduce Georg Brandes to the public of New York, though Brander Matthews did not belong to the forthputting Semitic stock or the forthputting Scandinavian stock or any of the stocks that Brandes stocks from. It is, in short, the liberty that everyone has to equip and appoint himself to speak upon what interests him, without reference to the nearest police station, fire station or public school, without reference to the precinct captain, the bailiff or the coroner.

When Brander Matthews says, though not in so many words, "Hands off the Anglo-Saxon," I wonder how much sophistication he really has. Before I was born, but at a time when Brander Matthews was already writing books, the Anglo-Saxon hocus-pocus was fairly well discredited. "Human history is essentially different from zoology," wrote Ernest Renan a good long time ago. "Race is not everything, as it is in the case of the rodents and the felines; and we have no right to go about the world feeling the heads of people, then taking them by the throat, and saying, 'You are of our blood; you belong to us!'" And if this be true of countries like France and Germany and England and Ireland, where the stock is so mixed, it is not less true of these United States, where non-Anglo-Saxons like Theodore Roosevelt had so often the temerity to put extra energy into the energetic English language, and also to expound not simply literature but the way to skin wild-cats, the way to bear children, the way to read Dante, the way to reform spelling, the way to reform Egypt, the way to make war and peace, love and hate, life and death. And most of the time without so much warrant as a dog-license!

Yet Brander Matthews, who has a "thin" mind but a mind, means something specific about our being alien. Speaking of Morris Cohen, Padraic Colum and myself he says, "These three writers were not born in America, they never had firecrackers on the Fourth of July, they never played baseball on a vacant lot, they never spouted Webster's 'Reply to Haynes' or 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.'" Yes, and none of us is eligible to be President of the United States. (Personally, I don't want to be. I once did, but I've come to the conclusion that no one gets away with it till too long after he's dead.) As to baseball, Brander Matthews is shinning up the wrong tree so far as Morris Cohen is concerned. Morris Cohen was, indeed, born in Russia, but not so long before he came to America. And in America he contracted baseball at a very early age, and has never recovered. As for myself, I disapprove of Dupont Fourths and of vacant lots, and therefore of those small but noisy groups of youthful Morris Cohens who collect on vacant lots and tear silence to tatters. But what stock, may I ask, supplies or has supplied most of the great American baseball-players? That awful Teutonic stock, I am afraid, of which the most lamentable recent offshoot is the Irish.

These flicks about baseball and firecrackers have, however, their real point—that what makes you an American, and makes you feel the insideness of America, is something that comes with very early, with infantine, association. I know this, and I respect it, and I admit that for myself I can never become as inside an American as any Georgia cracker or Louisiana black man or poor white from Mississippi. I came too late. But, depressing as this human limitation is, by which what is not felt before ten can never be felt so intensely or so wholesouledly, I do not see what this has to do with being American enough to understand America. If it has, then I beg leave to consider this nation a corrupt and dishonest nation which assumes to "naturalize" men who cannot be naturalized, and drafts those men to fight and die if need be, in the pretence that America is theirs as well as—"ours." Ours meaning, presumably, Mr. Brander Matthews and his publisher Mr. Adolph Ochs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No, "do not let us abandon this fundamental principle, that man is a reasonable and moral being before being allotted to such and such a language, before being a member of such and such a race, an adherent of such and such a culture. Before French culture, German culture, Italian culture, there is human culture."

To speak for the heart of America, one must, perhaps, be more than a reasonable and moral being. One must have that birth-warrant which Mr. Matthews possesses. But criticism is different. Infinitely better than I could ever say it, George Santayana said it recently, and I leave to him the confutation of Mr. Matthews:

"Only an American—and I am not one except by long association—can speak for the heart of America. I try to understand it, as a family friend may who has a different temperament; but it is only my own mind that I speak for at bottom, or wish to speak for. Certainly my sentiments are of little importance compared with the volume and destiny of the things I discuss here: yet the critic and artist too have their rights, and to take as calm and as long a view as possible seems to be but another name for the love of truth. Moreover, I suspect that my feelings are secretly shared by many people in America, natives and foreigners, who may not have the courage or the occasion to express them frankly . . . and I am confident of not giving serious offence to the judicious, because they will feel that it is affection for the American people that makes me wish that what is best and most beautiful should not be absent from their lives."

FRANCIS HACKETT

The Season's Books

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION

The Group Mind. By William McDougall. (Putnam.)
The New Psychology. By A. G. Tansley. (Dodd Mead.)
A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis. By Sigmund Freud. (Boni.)
Mind-Energy. By Henri Bergson. (Holt.)
Bergson and His Philosophy. By J. A. Gunn. (Dutton.)
Morale. By G. Stanley Hall. (Appleton.)
Recreations of a Psychologist. By G. Stanley Hall. (Appleton.)
Reconstruction in Philosophy. By John Dewey. (Holt.)
Land Marks in the History of Early Christianity. By Kirsopp Lake. (Macmillan.)
The Secret Springs. By Harvey O'Higgins. (Harper.)
The Book of Job. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. (Lippincott.)
Character and Opinion in the United States. By George Santayana. (Scribners.)

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

Primitive Society. By R. H. Lowie. (Boni.)
Bolshevik Theory. By R. W. Postage. (Dodd, Mead.)
The Nonpartisan League. By Andrew A. Bruce. (Macmillan.)
Contemporary French Politics. By Raymond Leslie Buell. (Appleton.)
Everyday Americans. By Henry Seidel Canby. (Century.)
Chaos and Order in Industry. By G. D. H. Cole. (Stokes.)
Democracy. By Lord Bryce. (Macmillan.)
History of Political Theories. By William Dunning. (Knopf.)
Careers for Women. By Catherine Filene. (Houghton.)
The Origin of Christianity. By Karl Kautsky. (Seltzer.)
Studies in the Theory of Human Society. By Franklin H. Giddings. (Macmillan.)
The Groundwork of Civilization. By A. A. Goldenweiser. (Knopf.)
Labor and the Employer. By Samuel Gompers. (Dutton.)
The Frontier of Control: A Study of British Workshop Politics. By Carter L. Goodrich. (Harcourt.)
The Advancing Hour. By Norman Hapgood. (Boni.)
Nationality. By Sidney Herbert. (Dutton.)
English Political Thought from Locke to Bentham. By Harold J. Laski. (Holt.)
Policy of the Labor Party. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. (Seltzer.)
The Menace of the Mob. By D. Merejkovski. (Knopf.)
Japan's Foreign Policies. By A. M. Pooley. (Boni and Liveright.)
The New Society. By Walter Rathenau. (Harcourt.)
The Procedure of the House of Commons. By Joseph Redlich. (Dutton.)
Modern Irish Trade and Industry. By E. J. Riordan. (Dutton.)
The Unfinished Program of Democracy. By Richard Roberts. (Huebsch.)
The Irish Labor Movement. By W. P. Ryan. (Huebsch.)
Woman and the New Race. By Margaret Sanger. (Brentano.)
The League of Nations at Work. By Arthur Sweetser. (Macmillan.)
The Acquisitive Society. By R. H. Tawney. (Harcourt.)
Our Revolution. By Victor S. Yarros. (Badger.)
The Voice of Freedom: the World and the Jew. By Israel Zangwill. (Macmillan.)
The New Unionism. By J. M. Budish and George Soule. (Harcourt.)
Freedom of Speech. By Zechariah Chafee. (Harcourt.)
Little Essays from Santayana. By Logan Pearsall Smith. (Scribners.)
Collected Legal Papers. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Harcourt.)
The Peace Tangle. By John Bass. (Macmillan.)
Reparations and the Economic Clauses of the Treaty. By Bernard Baruch. (Harper.)
American Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. (Century.)
A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain. By Sidney & Beatrice Webb. (Longmans.)

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres. By Henry Adams and Mabel La Farge. (Houghton.)
Crowding Memories. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Houghton.)
Margaret Fuller: a psychological biography. By Katherine Anthony (Harcourt.)
Autobiography. By Andrew Carnegie. (Houghton.)
Reminiscences and Reflections of a mid- and late Victorian. By Ernest Belfort Bax. (Seltzer.)
My Years of Exile. By Eduard Bernstein. (Harcourt.)
Theodore Roosevelt and His Time. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. (Scribner.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An English Wife in Berlin. By Princess Evelyn Blucher. (Dodd, Mead.)
George Meredith: His Life and Friends. By S. M. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.)
Venizelos. By Herbert A. Gibbons. (Houghton.)
Reminiscences of Tolstoy. By Maxim Gorky. (Huebsch.)
The Soul of John Brown. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.)
Letters of Javanese Princess. By Raden Adjeny Kartini. (Knopf.)
The Life of Arthur James Balfour. By E. T. Raymond. (Little, Brown.)
Woodrow Wilson. By William Allen White. (Scribners.)
Life of Joseph H. Choate. Ed. by E. S. Martin. (Scribners.)
Life of Lord Kitchener. By Sir George Arthur. (Houghton.)
The Letters of William James. (Atlantic.)

HISTORY

An Outline of History. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
The Evolution of Sinn Fein. By R. M. Henry. (Huebsch.)
Mexico in Revolution. By V. Blasco Ibanez. (Dutton.)
Constantine II and the Greek People. By Paxton Hibben. (Century.)
A History of the Japanese People. By F. Brinkley and Baron Kikuchi. (Doran.)
The Frontier in American History. By F. J. Turner. (Holt.)
The United States: an Experiment in Democracy. By Carl Becker. (Harper.)
Latin American Mythology. By H. B. Alexander. (Marshall Jones.)

POETRY

Smoke and Steel. By Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt.)
Sun Up. By Lola Ridge. (Huebsch.)
Domesday Book. By Edgar Lee Masters. (Macmillan.)
Right Royal. By John Masefield. (Macmillan.)
House of Dust. By Conrad Aiken. (Four Seas.)
Lesbia and Other Poems. By Arthur Symons. (Dutton.)
Flame and Shadow. By Sara Teasdale. (Macmillan.)
Collected Poems, 1901-1918. By Walter De La Mare. (Holt.)
The Feet of the Young Men. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday.)
Moons of Grandeur. By W. R. Benét. (Doran.)
New Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. (Huebsch.)
The New Adam. By Louis Untermeyer. (Harcourt.)

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES

How to Know Whitman. By Brand Whitlock. (Bobbs.)
Prejudices, II. By H. L. Mencken. (Knopf.)
Golden Book of Springfield. By Vachel Lindsay. (Macmillan.)
Enjoying Life; and Other Literary Remains. By W. N. P. Barbellion. (Doran.)
Literary Portraits. By William Rothenstein. (Harcourt.)
Shakespeare, Ariosto and Corneille. By Benedetto Croce. (Holt.)
Irish Books and Irish People. By Stephen Gwynn. (Stokes.)
Philosophical Nights in Paris. By Remy de Gourmont. (Luce.)
Essays. By William Dean Howells. (Harper.)
Books in General. By Solomon Eagle. (Knopf.)
History of a Literary Radical. By Randolph Bourne. (Huebsch.)
Steeplejack. By James Huneker. (Scribners.)
Satan the Waster. By Vernon Lee. (Lane.)
The Evolution of an Intellectual. By J. Middleton Murry. (Knopf.)

FICTION

Poor White. By Sherwood Anderson. (Huebsch.)
Satan's Diary. By Leonid Andreyev. (Boni.)
The Cords of Vanity. By James Branch Cabell. (McBride.)
Domnei. By James Branch Cabell. (McBride.)
Youth and the Bright Medusa. By Willa Cather. (Knopf.)
The Schoolmistress. By Chekhov. (Macmillan.)
Painted Veils. By James G. Huneker. (Scribners.)
One Day More. By Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday.)
Miss Lulu Bett. By Zona Gale. (Appleton.)
Tension. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillian.)
The Old Man's Youth. By William DeMorgan. (Holt.)
A Friend of the Family. By Dostoevsky. (Macmillan.)
The Green Door. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. (Moffat Yard.)
Awakening. By John Galsworthy. (Scribners.)
In Chancery. By John Galsworthy. (Scribners.)
Missy. By Dana Gatlin. (Doubleday.)
Caliban. By W. L. George. (Harper.)
Anne. By Olga Hartley. (Lippincott.)
Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt.)
Potterism. By Rose Macaulay. (Boni.)
Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. (Doubleday.)
The Six Hour Shift. By William McFee. (Doubleday.)
Mitch Miller. By Edgar Lee Masters. (Macmillan.)
Ditte, Girl Alive. By Martin Anderson Nexö. (Holt.)
Christmas Roses. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Houghton.)
The Romantic. By May Sinclair. (Macmillan.)
The Captives. By Hugh Walpole. (Doran.)
The Noon Mark. By Mary S. Watts. (Macmillan.)
Mary Wollaston. By Henry Kitchell Webster. (Bobbs.)
The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton.)
Life. By Johann Bojer. (Moffat, Yard.)
The Inevitable. By Louis Couperus. (Dodd, Mead.)
South Wind. By Norman Douglas. (Moffat, Yard.)
Blind. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan.)
Hunger. By Knut Hamsun. (Knopf.)
The World's Illusion. By J. Wassermann. (Harcourt.)
Enemy of Women. By V. Blasco Ibanez. (Dutton.)
Moon-Calf. By Floyd Dell. (Knopf.)
Seven Men. By Max Beerbohm. (Knopf.)

DRAMA

The Dragon. By Lady Gregory. (Putnam.)
Seen on the Stage. By Clayton Hamilton. (Holt.)
Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays. By Pierre Loving and Frank Shay. (Stewart and Kidd.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern American Plays. Compiled by George P. Baker. (Harcourt.)

WAR BOOKS

The First World War, 1914-1918. By Lieut. Col. A. C. Repington. (Houghton.)
The Creed of a Fighter. By Henri Barbusse. (Seltzer.)
The World Tragedy. By George Brandes. (Seltzer.)
Gallipoli Diary. By Sir Ian Hamilton. (Doran).
With the Serbs in Macedonia. By Douglas Walshe. (Lane.)

FOR CHILDREN

Ancient Men. By H. W. v. Loon. (Boni.)
Irish Fairy Tales. By James Stephens. (Macmillan.)
The Children of Odin. By Padraic Colum. (Macmillan.)
The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter. By Padraic Colum. (Macmillan.)
Bengal Fairy Tales. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. (Lane.)
Old French Fairy Tales. By Comtesse de Segur. (Penn.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Story of Opal. By Opal Whitely. (Atlantic.)
In Morocco. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton.)
San Cristobal de la Habana. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Knopf.)
The Friendly Arctic. By V. Stefansson. (Macmillan.)
Roaming Through the West Indies. By Harry A. Franck. (Century.)
American Towns and People. By Harrison Rhodes. (Harper.)
Japanese Color Prints. By Basil Stewart. (Dodd, Mead.)
A System of Animate Nature. By J. A. Thomson. (Holt.)
The People of Destiny. By Philip Gibbs. (Harper.)
Epstein. By B. van Dieren. (Lane.)
Relativity. By Albert Einstein. (Holt.)
Shadow Shapes. By Elizabeth Sergeant. (Houghton.)

Mrs. Asquith

Margot Asquith, an autobiography, in two volumes. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

MRS. ASQUITH'S life has coincided with the rise of popular journalism, and no one knows better than she the amount of curiosity that exists about her particular world. She has written her autobiography with this curiosity—or the more ravenous elements of it—peculiarly in mind. There are several things to be critized about her autobiography, and even about her far-famed "natural directness," but it is only fair to say that she lives up to certain journalistic expectations. Few of the privileged classes have come to the public monkey-house with a larger peanut-bag of personalia.

Her range of England is not defined when she is called the wife of Herbert Asquith, the ex-prime minister. Her father, Sir Charles Tennant, had, we are told, genius. He also had money, which has its own trifling importance. He was a forceful and positive Victorian business man of the type that was then termed Radical in politics. Gladstone knew him well, and one of his daughters married Gladstone's nephew while another married Lord Ribblesdale. Mrs. Asquith's marriage, we are given to understand, was a step down in the world—a bit of pioneer work only possible to a woman of heroic mould. (Asquith was a widower, had a growing family of mute middle-class children, and lived at Hampstead. But he was in the Cabinet at the time, a dark horse that only needed to be properly groomed.) The Tennant home was a huge retroactively historical castle of the "Scottish baronial" or Sears Roebuck type in a county for which the father was an M. P., Peeblesshire. It was on the wild, wild moors, thirty miles from Edinburgh. In London he had a big house with some good mezzotints, silver and china. He was very proud of his eight children, and "was fond of a few people—Mark Napier, Ribblesdale, Lord Haldane, Mr. Heseltine, Lord Rosebery and Arthur Balfour." His children had verve. They loved Scotland and the breakneck excitements and breathless adventures of racing and climbing that afterwards become fox-hunting and lion-taming in all its branches. "I remember nothing unhappy in my glorious youth except the violence of our family quarrels. Reckless waves of high and low spirits," explosions about games, love, clothes and religion.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Asquith that she lets nothing tell itself. Hence we learn that when the children played games they had as umpires Bret Harte, Laurence Oliphant, "Arthur Balfour, George Curzon, George Wyndham, Lionel Tennyson, Harry Cust and Doll Liddell." And as her story goes on it contains for conspicuousness a myriad of well-known names. Hers was a set that did not include the chillier Tories, the saponaceous Liberals, the Fabian intellectuals, the literary or theatrical. And yet, in this retrospect, it includes pretty nearly everything. One day the Prince of Wales is telling "Margot" how original she is. Another day Fred Archer is giving her the winner. She chaffs the Duke of Beaufort and is allowed to wear a blue habit and a pot hat when she hunts with his hounds. She sits hard on Lady Londonderry who tries to patronize her about a book by John Addington Symonds—John Addington Symonds, her own pet friend and author, whom she has just left on an Alp. One day Lord Rosebery is pouting absurdly because she failed to deny she was engaged to him. Another day Arthur Balfour delicately flicks away the suggestion that she has annexed him. "No, that is not so. I rather think of having a career of my own." Baron Hirsch, a man of fabulous gold, is seen leaning across a table in a private room at the Café Anglais offering her his unkissed Lucien. "He is shy and I want him to make a good marriage." Coquelin, Jowett, Gladstone, Tennyson, Dilke, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duchess of Manchester, "my beloved friend Gilbert Murray," "my beloved friend Lady Desborough," "my beloved Mary" Lady Wemyss, John Morley, Lord Midleton—these are only a few of the personages who do their turn in the Margot revue. And with most of them, as we can well believe her, she begins as something of a siren. She ends, at any rate, as a siren whistle.

And that, unfortunately, is the flaw in all of Mrs. Asquith's performance. She tells some extremely amusing stories. She gives a most telling—and cutting—sketch of Curzon. She does help one to understand a number of public men. She narrates with great vividness and full sentiment the death of her sister Laura, her own hunting accidents, her love affair with Peter Flower and her interview with his mistress, her fist-fight among factory-girls in Whitechapel, her detention by a wild woman-prisoner in a cell in Wormwood Scrubbs. But from all these stories, of which herself is so often the warm-blooded heroine, there is hopelessly absent the clear note of disinterestedness. She is no more occupied with her own affairs than, say, Marie Bashkirtseff, to whom John Addington Symonds compares

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her. But in the Russian girl one is constantly and delightfully aware of a fundamental candor which spares least of all the assumption that she is fundamentally candid. Mrs. Asquith has self-inspection but it is serious, not comedic, self-inspection. It is the prize-fighter's inventory of his points. The decency of scepticism is totally lacking in her appraisals. She is capable, to a limited extent, of putting her own value on persons and things. She has a small degree—very small—of independence. But she is never capable of permitting the reader to form his own values, and on a hundred occasions she insists in the typical fashionable manner upon dictating the right appreciation. Take this anecdote about one of her sisters. "She had wonderful grace and less vanity than any one that ever lived, and her social courage was a perpetual joy. I heard her say to the late Lord Rothschild, one night at a dinner party: 'And do you still believe the Messiah is coming, Lord Natty?'" Is there a trace of wit in this remark? Or "social courage" as distinguished from social sabotage? I simply doubt Mrs. Asquith's capacity for judging her sister's wonderful grace, lack of vanity, etc., of which she is so aboundingly confident. What she possesses is that curse of all human intercourse, an aggressiveness that immediately establishes a protectorate over one's neighbor's likes and dislikes. This is what she calls natural directness and what I should venture to call natural insolence.

But this impurity of taste, this bright insensitiveness, is not confined to the noisy over-emphasis which is so many fashionable women's version of vitality. It comes out in her trite characterization of a person like Coquelin. Coquelin was the vogue and therefore: "Coquelin—the finest actor of Molière that ever lived—was performing in London at the time and promised he would not only coach me in my part but lend his whole company for our performance. He gave me twelve lessons and I worked hard for him. He was intensely particular; and I was more nervous over these lessons than I ever felt riding over high timber." She points Coquelin's friendly letter returning an expensive present her father made her send him. Marie Bashkirtseff also met Coquelin, who performed at a soirée for her family. "The elder Coquelin came yesterday to inspect the rooms, and to consult with us respecting the pieces. G—was present, and he disgusted me with the airs he gave himself of being a connoisseur—a little more and he would have taken it upon himself to advise Coquelin, who is very agreeable, by the way, a very good fellow, who does not make you feel, the moment you speak to him, that sort of embarrassment which so many people experience in the presence of any one of note." Here you have a really perceptive person to whom Coquelin is not merely "the finest actor of Molière that ever lived" but an actual presence to be felt and judged for himself, disinterestedly. And that disinterestedness has value when Marie says next day, "The two Coquelins were superb." When she says it I defer.

Mrs Asquith has never this spiritual pellucidity. She is, for example, by way of being religious. But with her, as with so many persons of the privileged class, religion is part of conspicuous emotional waste, and must no more be invaded by criticism than fashionable clothes or grand opera. With Marie Bashkirtseff, on the other hand, conventional religion was an acute personal problem. She struggled with it like a long man trying to cover himself with a short blanket—a blanket that either covered his intellect and left his instincts to shiver, or warmed his instincts and exposed his intellect. Had she lived, she would not have given the impression that she had progressed from a ring to a rattle, a rattle to a doll and a doll to a crucifix.

Not that Mrs. Asquith supposes herself to lack perception and that tiresome "sense of humor." But to measure her sense of humor one may take this story of her brother-in-law Alfred Lyttleton, whose boisterousness she did not like. Lyttleton was "a manly and winning personality," a Happy Warrior, a man of "unquestioning obedience to the will of God" with "moral right-mindedness of a high order." Well, "to him most foreigners were frogs. In Edward Lyttleton's admirable monograph of his brother, you will read that one day, when Alfred was in the train, sucking an orange, 'a small, grubby Italian, leaning on his walking-stick, smoking a cheroot at the station,' was looked upon, not only by Alfred but by his biographer, as an 'irresistible challenge to fling the juicy, but substantial, fragment full at the unsuspecting foreigner's cheek.' At this we are told that 'Alfred collapsed into noble convulsions of laughter.' I quote this incident, as it illustrates the difference between the Tennant and the Lyttleton sense of humor. Their laughter was a tornado or convulsion to which they succumbed . . ." That, for Mrs. Asquith, is the point of the story. Her imagination does not seem to alight on the grubby Italian's end of the story or the caddishness that afflicted him. She is only interested in the Lyttleton's noble convulsions.

It is this deficiency in civil imagination—the ability to put oneself in another person's place—which makes for what looks like hardness in the book. We have many examples of deft repartee, but how many of deft rapport? "Margy, would you rather marry me or break your leg?" "Break both, Sir William." She scores, and tells, many times. But she offers no analysis when she confesses, "I have never succeeded in making any one the least different from what they are and, in my efforts to do so, have lost every female friend that I ever had (with the exception of four)." And her lack of analysis is shown above everything in that comment on her costume at the ball: "one or two incidents might have enlightened me had I been more aware of myself." To have been more aware of others would have served as well, or perhaps better, and have had less the air of rare unconsciousness.

For this business of being a fine, free spirit, an uninhibited personality, does require a sense as to other people—other people's rights—which Mrs. Asquith lacks. And she even lacks it for herself in those passages where she invades her own privacy. "In connection with what I have quoted out of my diary here it is not inappropriate to add that I lost my babies in three out of my five confinements. These poignant and secret griefs have no place on the high-road of life; but, just as Henry and I will stand sometimes side by side near those little graves unseen by strangers, so he and I in unobserved moments will touch with one heart an unforgotten sorrow." "Secret" griefs, "unseen by strangers," "unobserved moments"—all to be had for tuppence an installment in the Sunday paper.

But what has she to say about England? She was the wife of a premier. She knew Gladstone, Salisbury, Balfour, Rosebery, Campbell-Bannerman, Lloyd George and hosts of lesser celebrities. She picked coming men as a child picks winners. (She picked Asquith.) And she lived through those changes that took place in England between 1880 and 1910 of which Mr. R. H. Gretton has so fairly said, "They concerned political ideas, social habits, and commercial methods, religious outlook and material equipment, education and the housekeeper's supplies, keeping of holidays and furnishing of houses, philosophical speculation and the pursuits of a clerk's Saturday afternoons." Real

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Houghton Mifflin Company Announces

CHRISTMAS ROSES

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

These stories of English life by the author of "Tante," "The Third Window," etc., merit beyond anything she has previously done the phrase applied by a critic to her previous volume of stories—"a perfection of the story-teller's art." $2.25.

SHADOW-SHAPES

October 1918—May 1919

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

The diary of the New Republic's correspondent during her convalescence in a French hospital, illuminates the actual realities of war and peace and casts new light on the most crucial hours of modern history. $2.00.

A CYCLE OF ADAMS LETTERS

The correspondence, edited by Worthington C. Ford, of Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to England, and his two sons Henry Adams, his secretary, and Charles Francis, Jr., then serving in the Northern armies, gives an unequalled first-hand account of our social, military and diplomatic history during the Civil War. A gift of permanent value, that will be appreciated by every admirer of "The Education of Henry Adams." 2 volumes, boxed. Illustrated. $10.00.

LINCOLN THE WORLD EMANCIPATOR

JOHN DRINKWATER

An illuminating and uncommonly readable study from a new angle of Lincoln as the supreme embodiment of the best qualities and ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race, by the author of the successful play, "Abraham Lincoln." $1.50.

VENIZELOS

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

A notable contribution to international biography. Mr. Gibbons was in close touch with the Greek Premier during the Peace Conference, and his study of his character and amazing career is as authoritative as it is illuminating and readable. $3.50.

The Autobiography of ANDREW CARNEGIE

"To the great trio of American autobiographies, Benjamin Franklin's, Booker Washington's, and Henry Adams's must now be added a fourth—the story of Andrew Carnegie's marvelous career."—*Boston Transcript.* Absorbing, inspiring and readable—the ideal gift for young and old. Illus. $5.00.

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

CATHERINE FILENE

A complete and authoritative guide to vocations open for women, written by women who are successfully doing the work they describe. Each article deals with a particular occupation, telling frankly and concisely its advantages and disadvantages. $4.00.

COURT LADIES OF OLD JAPAN

Translated by ANNIE SHEPLEY OMORI and KOCHI DOI

With an Introduction by AMY LOWELL

Here is a book which will be eagerly welcomed and long cherished by lovers of Japanese, of strange and ancient customs, and of good literature. These authentic diaries of wives and mistresses of Japanese Emperors and Princes written 900 years ago, give an intimate picture of human life at that period, such as exists in no other language. Illustrated in color and black and white from Japanese prints. $5.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as they were, those changes go unnoticed in the autobiography. Lord Rosebery never said anything in public to match his words to her father, "Your girl has beautiful eyes."

No, she meets an issue like woman suffrage with folklore about womanhood. "Life in the House is neither healthy, useful nor appropriate for a woman; and the functions of a mother and a member of Parliament are not compatible." Not in the same place, certainly; but these are inadequate reasons for "my husband and I" to give against suffrage. Her experience with the convict at Wormwood Scrubbs—a woman in prison for life for abortion—shows, however, her inability to go beyond the surface. This woman asked Mrs. Asquith as wife of the Home Secretary to look into her case. "But she was a professional abortionist of the most hopeless type." That ended it. In a country where "religion" means expensive divorce, expensive divorce means—among other things—professional abortion. But to Mrs. Asquith these were not realities. Her role, as Henry James and John Morley try to make us see, was to be a Madame de Sévigné, a Saint Simon, something of the world where there are souls.

Aud yet I subscribe myself a grateful reader of Mrs. Asquith's autobiography. I had a few lingering doubts as to the great social tradition of English politics, the Saturday-to-Monday refreshment of tired statesmen by untiring hostesses, the comradeship of aristocrats and political thinkers and souls. But this lengthy public dilatation of Mrs. Asquith's heart has settled for me the old notion that woman ever could have, much less ever had, a suitable place behind the throne. Behind the throne of man, as Mrs. Asquith exhibits it, there may always be a place for women of the pillowing variety, women who really like to stand waiting with the sponge and the smelling-salts and the towels. But for an aggressive personality like Mrs. Asquith, genuine child of "a man whose vitality, irritability, energy and impressionability amounted to genius," this false role of subordination has turned her from a beaver into something smaller and less pleasant, and exposed her to the perceptive as a pest. Had she been an educated woman, and disciplined, and yet subordinate, could she have turned her life to advantage? I suppose so, as any man might. But being a woman born into a society where her game was to be charming, and where she had no chance to be seriously educated, we find her at the age of fifty-six publishing idiocies that Marie Bashkirtseff was too sophisticated to utter at fourteen, and never once attaining Marie Bashkirtseff's noble realization that "if this book is not the *exact,* the *absolute,* the *strict* truth, it has no raison d'être."

These idiocies and, one must say, vulgarities are not of themselves important. What does it matter how much this woman tells the gaping public about her flirtations, her self-estimates, her husband's prayers and her confinements? The thing that matters is to see a fund of human nature squandered in horrible heedlessness on the enormous trivialities of the privileged class. F. H.

Revolutionary Reconstruction

Chaos and Order in Industry, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

CAPITALISM, according to Mr. Cole's analysis, is already as good as dead. We are living in the state of chaos that naturally intervenes between the collapse of a superannuated scheme of industry and the emergence of a new scheme out of its ruins. It is not Mr. Cole's object to hasten the break-up of the debris of capitalism, but to indicate the steps by which the succeeding order may be inaugurated, without the waste and universal misery that would inevitably attend an unplanned evolution. His book is an essay on reconstruction, but reconstruction in a far more fundamental sense than that which is usually given to the term. The Lloyd George government has been fertile in projects of reconstruction, but what these meant was the restoration of the pre-war condition of capitalist economics. Mr. Cole's project involves nothing less than a new order, built upon the motive of service in place of the motive of profit, and organized on democratic principles in place of the autocracy of the private employer or even of the state.

Since his present work is devoted mainly to the tactics of reconstruction, Mr. Cole does not present at length his reasons for believing that capitalism is dying. They are, however, outlined with sufficient clarity. Capitalism has worked by virtue of two motives, the desire for profit on the part of the employer, and fear of hunger and misery on the part of the laborer. So long as the motive of fear was powerful enough to compel the worker to give his full efforts, the industrial system was productive enough to supply a surplus above the worker's minimum of subsistence. That surplus afforded the employers the profit they required. But with the progress of labor organization and the education of the workers to the facts of the economic system, it has become more and more difficult to exact from the workers their full potential contribution. Limitations of output, ca'canny, strike upon strike, work remorselessly toward the curtailment of the surplus on which capitalism lives. And as the surplus grows insecure, credit, which is essentially the control of future surplus, perishes. All business becomes disorderly speculation. The object of every undertaking is to get whatever is to be had before the source of profit dries up altogether.

It is not practicable here to subject this theory of inevitable revolution to the criticism it deserves. So much must be admitted: labor, in the sense of productive power yielding a surplus above its own necessities of life, is at many points of the industrial system a wasting asset, just like the oil reserves of flowing wells. The willingness to work that was created in a precapitalistic system, where the relation between effort and its reward was immediate, may easily wear out under large scale industry. It is not difficult to prove historically that in old industrial regions this willingness to work has fallen away alarmingly. Whether it is possible to check this tendency toward "declining efficiency" while still preserving the essentials of the capitalistic system is a question which has seldom been raised by the orthodox economists. For the most part they have ignored altogether the possibility of a general deterioration of labor. But obviously, until a satisfactory solution of this problem has been found, and has been given general application, it must be admitted that capitalism is declining towards its fall. The problem of reconstruction must properly be conceived, as Mr. Cole conceives it, to be the substitution of new motives and new principles of organization for the old ones that no longer work satisfactorily.

Public ownership of the principal resources and machinery of production, with operation entrusted wholly to the working personnel, is the form of organization Mr. Cole forecasts for the future. The private owners are to be bought out, thereby retaining for a time their present claim to income, but losing once for all their right of control. Thus they are to be transformed into a class of rentiers, coupon clippers, which society may tolerate while it pleases.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Really Good Books

MARGOT ASQUITH: An Autobiography
"This confidant of princes, poets, nobles, factory girls, men-about-town and clergymen writes her story in the same dashing, regardless manner in which she lived it. "The book is fascinating."—New York Times. Illustrated. Two Volumes. Boxed. Octavo. $7.50

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES *Robert Cortes Holliday*
The genial philosopher of WALKING-STICK PAPERS and BROOME STREET STRAWS takes a fruitful jaunt from New York to the Coast and has much to say of men and books and cities. $2.50

TAHITI DAYS *Hector MacQuarrie*
A new sort of record of South Sea life as it is to-day, of queer customs, quaint personalities and tropical beauty; of leisurely days in a primitive civilization. Unusual illustrations. Octavo. $4.50

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVS *George Gustav Telberg* and *Robert Wilton*
The dramatic narrative of the murder of Nicholas II with all his family, a crime of the Bolshevist régime equalling in brutality the French Reign of Terror. Illustrated. Octavo. $3.00

GALLIPOLI DIARY *Sir Ian Hamilton*
"An almost appallingly frank disclosure of facts, sentiments and judgments."—Glasgow Herald. Illustrated. Two Volumes. Octavo. $10.00

THE PATERNITY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN *William E. Barton*
At last a definitive word, from one qualified by long research, on this moot question concerning the great American. Octavo. $4.00

"MARSE HENRY" *Henry Watterson*
"Picturesque memoirs — bubbling with anecdote and comment, racily original!"—New York Post. A mirror of the social and political life of America for a generation. Two Volumes. Boxed. Octavo. $10.00

THE SHADOW SHOW *J. H. Curle*
"Quaintly reflective and philosophic, this book is backed by years of observation of men and places in all corners of the globe. There are but a few men who could have written such a book."—Oakland Tribune. $2.00

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS *Otto H. Kahn*
"The soundest economic thinking in this country to-day is being done by Mr. Kahn."—The late Theodore Roosevelt. $4.00

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS: A DEFINITION *John Erskine*
Professor of English at Columbia University
"A definition clear and inspiring of national ideals and the methods by which they are to be realized."—Baltimore News. $1.50

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES *David Jayne Hill*
By the author of AMERICANISM—WHAT IS IT? "One of the clearest statements of the situation I have yet seen in print."—S. D. Fess, U. S. Congressman. $3.50

THE HISTORY OF THE A. E. F. *Capt. Shipley Thomas*
Complete and brief, written with the cooperation of the War Department, it embraces the entire activities of the American troops in France. Illustrated. $6.00

THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS VERSE *Carolyn Wells*
An admirably inclusive volume, in which you are sure to find your favorites, edited by the genial compiler of SUCH NONSENSE. $7.50

A GARDEN OF PEACE: A Medley in Quietude *F. Frankfort Moore*
For all who relish a quiet mind, an old-world garden and good talk, on drama, art, literature, and life, this beautifully illustrated volume by the author of THE JESSAMY BRIDE will prove a precious possession. Octavo. $3.00

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S *John Theodore Tussaud*
With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc.
In racy anecdote and reminiscence these memoirs of the famous wax-works present from a bizarre angle the panorama of a century and a half. Illustrated. Octavo. $6.00

OUR WOMEN: Chapters on the Sex-Discord *Arnold Bennett*
The shrewd, enlightened comments of an expert witness on the varieties and conflicts in the relations of men and women." New York Post. Octavo. $2.50

ADVENTURES AND ENTHUSIASMS *E. V. Lucas*
"Probably there is no better observer than Mr. Lucas in English-speaking countries. His stories verge upon essays and his essays hover upon the edge of narrative. They make the pleasantest kind of book in the world."—New York Post. Illustrated. $2.00

SOUTH SEA FOAM *A. Safroni-Middleton*
Holds between its covers the witchery of moonlit nights and the lure of far places. Octavo. $2.50

THE BIRDS AND OTHER POEMS *J. C. Squire*
By the Editor of the London Mercury. "A poet of original music, of an original mind, of an original imagination."—The Nation. $1.25

FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS *Rose Fyleman*
A little book of fairy poems for those who see the world with the magic eyes of childhood, no matter how many years they may have been about. $1.25

MOONS OF GRANDEUR *William Rose Benét*
"Reveals an exuberant imagination and fertile invention held firmly in check."—Boston Transcript. "A flame of beauty."—Philadelphia North American. $2.00

HIDE AND SEEK *Christopher Morley*
Holds a surprise for this young American's many admirers. Here are the familiar whimsical moods and some entirely new ones. $1.50

THE HAPPY BRIDE *F. Tennyson Jesse*
A sheaf of lovely lyrics, rich in imagery, in mystic insight, in human understanding. Royal Octavo $1.25

SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE *Edited by Edmund Gosse* and *Thomas Wise*
A collection of exquisite lyrics which puts before the reader the most adequate selection yet made. $2.00

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS *Edited by James L. Hughes*
A unique collection, containing only the best work of the Poet of Democracy. Illustrations of the Burns country. Octavo. $3.00

THE CAPTIVES *Hugh Walpole*
A book to live in and remember. The author of THE SECRET CITY and JEREMY has lavished sympathy and fine skill upon this, probably his most ambitious novel. $2.00

A POOR WISE MAN *Mary Roberts Rinehart*
By the author of DANGEROUS DAYS. One of the few great novels of to-day that deals with American life, deals with it adequately and with true understanding. $2.00

WOUNDED SOULS *Philip Gibbs*
"A big, fearless book. Read it—you'll be shocked, surprised, informed, and, we hope, delighted."—Chicago News. $2.00

LADY LILITH *Stephen McKenna*
"Remarkable and engrossing pictures of contemporary English society."—Richmond Times-Dispatch. $2.00

NIGHT AND DAY *Virginia Woolf*
"Filled with the deliberate savoring of the flavored routine of English living."—New York Tribune. $2.25

A TALE THAT IS TOLD *Frederick Niven*
A remarkably subtle observer of the crowded street of life, Mr. Niven in his quiet manner reveals a Scottish family. A book of marked distinction. $1.90

VERENA IN THE MIDST *E. V. Lucas*
"Full of humorous twists and surprises and odd bits and ideas and pleasant letters and anecdotes."—Weekly Review. $1.90

"QUEEN LUCIA" *E. F. Benson*
"The author of DODO is admirably fitted to shoot folly as it flies and he has a merry time with the fads of a small community."—Literary Digest. $2.00

SEPTEMBER *Frank Swinnerton*
"A remarkably fine and subtle study of the struggle between two contrasted temperaments."—New York Tribune. $1.90

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE *W. Somerset Maugham*
"The most absorbing story we have read in a year. Brilliantly written."—New York Tribune. $1.90

THE SUMMONS *A. E. W. Mason*
By the author of THE FOUR FEATHERS. "Intricate and often dramatic in plot."—New York Times. $2.00

INVINCIBLE MINNIE *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding*
"She is as inevitable as fate; she is sublime and sordid; ugly and yet strangely beautiful."—Mary Roberts Rinehart. $2.00

PENNY PLAIN *O. Douglas*
"If any Scottish story as good has been written these twenty years we must have missed it."—Aberdeen Fall Press. $1.90

THE TRUCE OF GOD *Mary Roberts Rinehart*
A prose idyl in which is recaptured the romantic appeal of the days of chivalry. Beautifully illustrated, it makes a most appropriate gift. $1.50

ELI OF THE DOWNS *C. M. A. Peake*
"The Odyssey, physical and spiritual, of a philosophic shepherd of the Wessex downs. The full charm of this book cannot be conveyed in a brief review."—New York Post. $2.00

THE VOYAGE OUT *Virginia Woolf*
What Mrs. Woolf is concerned with is human relationships. "A most unusual, thoroughly interesting book."—Independent. $2.25

Read "The Bookman"—a magazine for everyone who likes good books

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, 244 Madison Avenue, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That will not be for long, Mr. Cole surmises. But that is a detail. What is essential is that on assuming ownership the public makes itself responsible for keeping the capital of the industry intact and for new investments. It may be assumed that capital for replacements and extensions will as a rule be derived, as now, from the surplus earnings of the industry. Actual operations will be conducted by managers, appointed by committees representing equally the managing staff and the rank and file. How the managing staff would be recruited, how promotions would be made, present nice problems of administration which Mr. Cole does not undertake to solve definitively, although he offers luminous suggestions on the point, which unfortunately I have not space to discuss.

Unlike the Plumb plan the Cole plan makes no provision for the representation of the general public or of the consumers in the committees in control of industrial operations. The consumers, organized in cooperative societies, could exert needed pressure upon the industry through Parliament, which would retain ultimate price-fixing power.

It would not be practicable for the public to buy out industries at random and turn them over to the personnel for management. A prerequisite to this scheme of reconstruction is a thoroughgoing organization of labor, which includes not only the manual workers, skilled and unskilled, but also the technical and office staff. The mining industry, however, has attained to a condition of organization which would justify nationalization. The transport industries may be placed in the same class. But not so the great engineering industry which is all shot through with labor organizations on the old trade lines, and in which the conflict between skilled and semi-skilled labor is naturally acute. Neither is the work done in this industry easily standardized or reduced to centralized management. For this industry Mr. Cole recommends a policy of "encroaching" labor control while private ownership still survives. Let the shop stewards movement be carried forward to its logical conclusion; let labor wrest from the employer, the whole of discipline on the job, the right to hire and fire. Let it work toward the institution of the "collective contract," whereby the employers would agree to a lump sum compensation for a particular job, while the distribution of the sum among the several grades of workmen was determined by the workers themselves. A still different condition is presented by the cotton industry, where the process of manufacture has been reduced to mere routine and business functions are chiefly concentrated at the commercial ends of the industry, the import of raw cotton and the export of cloth. Something like the war control of cotton importation would be essential to reorganization. Besides, the labor organizations in the industry require new functions, to awaken them out of the lethargy produced by generations of higgling over the piece rate. Mr. Cole suggests that they concentrate on "welfare" functions. In the building industry perhaps the shift to the new basis might be accomplished almost immediately, since fixed capital amounts to little or nothing and cities requiring building done could furnish credit directly to a building guild as they often do now to the private contractor.

Anyone can think out for himself other special conditions in which Mr. Cole's general scheme would not apply without modification. Mr. Cole does not pretend to exhaustive discussion, but covers only so many instances as may be necessary to exhibit the flexibility of his reconstruction plan. He does not even look forward to a completely exclusive guild scheme as a desirable ultimate state. He would leave it open to the largest possible number of persons to work on their own account, either as petty traders or as operators of small shops worked chiefly by their own labor. It is only to the large scale enterprise that Mr. Cole's scheme of organization applies.

Whether events are actually tending toward the realization of an industrial order as definitely based upon organized labor as the present system is based upon organized capital is a question that can be answered conclusively only after an examination of the pertinent facts of industrial psychology much more exhaustive than Cole presents in any of his writings, or than could be presented forthwith by any of his critics. Whether an industrial system based on organized labor would work towards progressive improvement is another question that neither Cole nor his critics would wisely undertake to answer categorically. It will be admitted that it is harder to think of great masses of labor, held together by bonds of personal organization, functioning so smoothly to the end of public service as great masses of capital, held together through corporate organization and financial control have worked to the end of private enrichment. On the other hand, one can hardly conceive that a system based on labor organization could be so generally permeated by graft and cut-throat methods as even the most smoothly working capitalistic system. Mr. Cole's system may not inspire confident belief in those whose approach to economic study has been through the classical formulae. But no one can afford to dismiss it as a tissue of fallacies, an impossible Utopia. It becomes impossible only if capitalism can be redeemed of its present tendency to destroy the creative impulses of labor which alone can give permanence to any industrial system.

ALVIN JOHNSON

The Group Mind

The Group Mind—A Sketch of the Principles of Collective Psychology with Some Attempt to apply them to the Interpretation of National Life and Character, by William McDougall, F. R. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SINCE collective psychology is one of the most immature of the sciences, the greatest need of those who explore it is that they should, as Mr. Morris Cohen has said, learn to disinfect themselves and their instruments. They start with a strong sense that there is something or other to explore which will ultimately matter a good deal. For human beings are grouped, and a vast amount of mental activity is affected by that grouping. But about the nature of that activity all of us are plainly confused. Crowds, morale, tradition, nationality, patriotism, college spirit, class spirit, "class consciousness," loyalty, 100 per cent Americanism, are words all of them that indicate the existence of a field of knowledge almost virgin to scientific investigation. When they are used in ordinary speech they express an intention if not a concise meaning, and the fact that they are used is in itself a fact and a clue.

But the growing desire to penetrate these momentous obscurities is everywhere baffled by a chaos of definitions. Each psychologist, and certainly every school, seems to cultivate a private lingo which makes it virtually impossible to know when two men are talking about the same thing and when they are talking about different ones. James's "social selves," Trotter's herd instinct, Freud's censor, Tarde's imitation, McDougall's sympathetic induction, Gidding's consciousness of kind, Sidis's suggestibility are all presumably aimed at about the same target, but where these terms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Christmas Shopping List

The books listed on this page are recommended for gifts because of their permanent literary value and their lasting interest. They will be read again and again.

Check the books you decide to buy for your friends.

☐ **DITTE, GIRL ALIVE!**
By Martin Andersen Nexö
The poignant story of a little, Danish girl's struggle against poverty, by the author of "Pelle, the Conqueror." *Price* $2.00

☐ **THE FLYING BO'SUN**
By Arthur Mason
A sea story that has been rated with the best of Jack London. *Price* $1.75

☐ **CAPE CURREY**
By Réné Juta
A strange, baffling, mystery story set in South Africa in 1820. *Price* $1.75

☐ **THE UNCENSORED LETTERS of A Canteen Girl**
A jolly account of the adventuresome life of a canteen girl. *Price* $1.75

☐ **HEAVENS AND EARTH**
By Stephen Vincent Benét
The work of one of the most promising of the younger poets. *Price* $2.00

☐ **MIND ENERGY**
By Henri Bergson
A discussion of the subconscious mind by the author of "Creative Evolution." *Price* $2.50

☐ **OLD NAVAL DAYS**
By Mrs. Sophie Radford de Meissner
The romantic story of the life and times of Rear-Admiral Radford. *Price* $3.00

☐ **THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN HISTORY**
By Frederick J. Turner
An important study of the influence of the West upon America's political development. *Price* $2.00

☐ **THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD**
By Bolton and Middleton
A three-act drama of singular power and beauty. Illustrated with photographs of the New York production. *Price* $1.75

☐ **SONS OF LIBERTY**
By Walter A. Dyer
A true story of Paul Revere's extraordinary life told in the form of a novel. *Price* $1.75

☐ **THE BLACK KNIGHT**
By Sidgwick and Garstin
A vivid, vigorous, modern, adventure story set in Canada, New York and Paris. (4th Printing.) *Price* $2.00

☐ **PURITAN AND PAGAN**
By Elizabeth Corbett
The latest novel by the author of "Cecily and the Wide World." *Price* $1.75

☐ **TRUE LOVE**
By Allan Monkhouse
A brilliant, psychological novel set in English theatrical circles. *Price* $1.75

☐ **COLLECTED POEMS of Walter de la Mare**
The poems of de la Mare (1901-1918), in two handsome volumes. *Price* $4.00

☐ **RECONSTRUCTION IN PHILOSOPHY**
By John Dewey
Professor Dewey's philosophy presented for the first time as a whole. *Price* $1.75

☐ **RELATIVITY**
By Albert Einstein
This is Einstein's own explanation of his epoch-making discovery. *Price* $2.00

☐ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**
By Lord Charnwood
The most talked about biography of Lincoln (11th printing). *Price* $3.00

☐ **LITTLE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR**
By H. Vast
This book has been enthusiastically received as *the* short history of the World War. *Price* $2.00

☐ **SEEN ON THE STAGE**
By Clayton Hamilton
Essays and criticisms of the American stage by the author of "The Theory of the Theatre," etc. *Price* $2.00

☐ **THE WHIRLING KING**
By Harriet Mead Olcott
Delightful fairy tales illustrated with comical silhouettes, by the author of "The Children's Fairyland." *Price* $1.50

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Publishers of THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

19 West 44th Street **New York City**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coincide and where they diverge it is not easy to discover by reading the books. Sometimes it almost seems as if the psychologists do not read each other's books. Professor McDougall, for example, does not seem to regard as deserving of notice such extremely important contemporaries as Trotter, Wallas, Ross, Watson, Freud, Jung, Ferenczi, Rank, although he has the space and energy to answer a patrioteer who attacked him because psychology might endanger loyalty to the British Empire.

This disorderly individualism is merely the superficial aspect of a disorder in ideas. What is group psychology? Is there a Group Mind that leads a jolly or a sombre existence as an oversoul somewhere between, above, or around the minds of those who compose the group? Or is the Group Mind another name for the minds of the group? Or is it neither, but rather both? These are important questions, because your answer to them will determine what you will study when you set up as a social psychologist.

Mr. McDougall's answer is worth watching closely. He rejects the Oversoul, that is to say, he specifically denies that there is a "collective consciousness" apart from individual human consciousness. For this rejection he gives two reasons: first, that there is no evidence for the idea, and second that it is a German idea. He also rejects the claim that the group mind is the minds of the group. For "the social aggregate has a collective mental life, which is not merely the sum of the mental lives of its units" and "it may be contended that a society not only enjoys a collective mental life but also has a collective mental or, as some prefer to say, a collective soul."

Now this sounds at first glance as if the Oversoul, forced to abdicate as German and untrue had been restored to the throne. It not only sounds that way, but it is that way. For the sad truth is that Mr. McDougall's four hundred pages are almost entirely based on the premise of an oversoul which he tried so hard to reject. How did that happen? How did the hypostasized Group Mind come back to govern and, as I believe, to thwart the investigation?

It came back no doubt primarily because Mr. McDougall believes in it in spite of everything. This assertion can be ventured because the pages of this book are strewn with evidence that its author is a conformer who is never able to contemplate his own group life without feeling worshipful. To worship he must deify. To deify it he must regard the group as somehow over and above the scraggly human individuals who compose it. Now Mr. McDougall feels a peculiar awe for all the groups he happens to belong to. Oxford and Cambridge, the army, England, Scotland, the Empire are repeatedly advanced as samples of group life at its best. Next in order of approval, but considerably below, come the Allies,—France above all, Japan, and the United States (after it entered the war). Down low come trade unions, Ireland, and Europe east of the Rhine.

The rule which prevents a physician from operating upon a member of his own family because his emotion would interfere with his judgment is one that no scientist can afford to ignore. Mr. McDougall has ignored it. That is to say he has not searched his heart to free himself from his own group affiliations sufficiently to approach his subject with a clean and clear mind. He is not a disinterested man. He is weedy with those very moral preferences and prejudices of group life, which it was his task to explain. He has not accomplished that first stage in social investigation, which is to become acutely aware of your own social inheriance, and by awareness to discount it. He has attempted the impossible task of examining what he calls the Group Mind while he remains more than half embedded in his own Group Mind. He has not disinfected himself or his instruments.

There is consequently a conflict in his thought between the emancipated part of him, which is the scientist, and the unemancipated part, which is mere membership in his groups. The scientist in him rejects the Oversoul as superstition; the member clings to it as an object of worship, and the victory is given to this more ancient and primitive part of him. The Group Mind is accepted as an entity above the aggregate individual minds. But it is masked. For science has its claims. The conflict is resolved by what psychologists call "rationalization,"—in this case by drawing a distinction between group mind and group consciousness.

Mr. McDougall defines mind "as an organized system of interacting mental or psychical forces." As I understand this, you can speak of a collective mind when a number of individuals are reacting upon each other in something more than a casual relation. You call it a "collective mind," although you must try at the same time to remember that anything you may know about it is known only through individual minds.

This seems to me the confusion of the logical with the psychological. It is like saying that the rules of chess and the moves being made under those rules are the collective mind of two men playing chess. You can call it that if you like. But what you have done is to use a word that connotes a psychic process to denote a logical system. And if you insist upon regarding the logical system as the subject of your study you may possibly learn a lot about the rules of chess, but you will not learn anything about the psychology of the chess players.

Mr. McDougall's group mind is not a psychological fact at all, and that is why his investigations of it produce so little fresh insight into the psychology of groups. For once having admitted the group mind as a unity somehow distinct from the individuals, he is forced to continue treating it as a unity. He can therefore describe it only from the outside. He cannot take it apart and show how it is put together or how it works. He has to regard the group mind as an unanalyzed lump, and then to generalize about how that lump behaves. His sketch of "principles" thus turns out to be a series of semi-moral judgments, interspersed with exhortation. People are fickle in casual groups, sturdy and moral in highly organized groups, and so on through all the usual trite and dubious generalizations, to pages and pages of undocumented, unverified chatter about the peoples of the earth; to chatter about inferiority and superiority, about races, subraces, deductive Frenchmen, empirical Englishmen, anarchic Hindus, lazy Orientals and the rest of the debris which it is the task of psychology to explain, not to repeat.

Whatever the value of this talk as pamphleteering for the views which Mr. McDougall finds himself attached to, these bastard ideas derived from anthropology, biology, history jumbled in one immense confusion, have no value as a contribution to psychology. They take for granted those very premises which scientists have yet to establish.

But at one point, early in the book, Mr. McDougall seems dimly to remember that he is a psychologist, for in speaking of crowds he stops to consider what is the method by which emotion communicates itself. That surely is an entrance to his subject, for when we have learned the mechanism by which grouped individuals interact upon each other we shall really begin to know something. The how, when and what of human communication from one genera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL BOOKS BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

Beautiful illustrations by the author in color, monotone and pen and ink.

BELGIUM OLD AND NEW

An original post-war study of the Martyr Kingdom; its people, history, art, industry, customs and characters and political differences. A number of Belgium's oldest buildings, now destroyed, are beautifully pictured. Boxed. $10.00 net.

HOLLAND OF TODAY

An interesting description of the sturdy little kingdom of the Netherlands by one who has studied its picturesque cities and knows the country socially and politically. Boxed. $10.00 net.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

Mr. Edwards shows distinctly that Alsace-Lorraine is entirely French. Its vineyards and harvests, fêtes and marriage ceremonies, courts and chateâux, and its ruins of ancient castles are all subjects of delightful drawings. Boxed. $10.00 net.

VANISHED HALLS AND CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE

A description of Picardy and other parts of northern France before the German invasion. Senlis, St. Pierre of Noyon, Coucy-le-Chateâu, the Notre Dame of Rheims are pictured as they were before their destruction. Boxed. $10.00 net.

VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS

A book which will serve to recall those ancient cities of Flanders now mere heaps of stone; Louvain, Arras, Commines and many other old Belgian towns. The color picture of the Cloth Hall of Ypres is remarkable in its conception. Boxed. $10.00 net.

THE BOOKS OF THE CITIES

THE BOOK OF BOSTON
THE BOOK OF CHICAGO
THE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA
THE BOOK OF NEW YORK

By Robert Shackleton

Illustrated from photographs by the author and with pen and ink sketches.

Mr. Shackleton, in his books of the cities, shows each one, its characteristics, institutions, literary traditions, land marks, and its people. Nothing is too small for him to chronicle—their habits of speech, their eating, ancestor worship. In each city he manages to discover many odd corners not found by the usual sightseer. His is a sympathetic, clear-eyed, often humorous interpretation of the city in each case. Cloth, each $3.50 net. Half Morocco, $10.00 net.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

TOURING GREAT BRITAIN

Rarely have Scotland and England been seen as Mr. Shackleton saw them. He makes Britain very real and very human, and the book is invaluable for any traveler, but its delights are for anyone who opens it.

UNVISITED PLACES OF OLD EUROPE

Out-of-the-way corners of Europe, Luxembourg, the Forest of Arden, Moresnet, Brenta, a small island domain off the English coast, and many other unique places are described. Cloth, each $4.00 net. Half Morocco, $12.00 net.

BOOKS ON COLONIAL FURNITURE

THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL
THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

Cloth, each $4.00 net. Half Morocco, $12.00 net.

These volumes are full of the charm to be found in the pursuit of the antique. There is always the zest of personal invasion as with them one follows the trail of a desired Chippendale chair or period piece, or runs down some rare old claw-foot secretary or sideboard, or gathers from shadowy garrets their treasures of copper lustre.

At All Bookstores

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

920 FILBERT STREET PHILADELPHIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to another, from one individual to others, from one group to other groups, the process by which ideas and feelings are conducted, what determines susceptibility and obtuseness, these are among the crucial questions for any scientific understanding of group life. Social psychology is that branch of psychology which originates at the points of contacts between individuals, and one can safely assert that no collective psychology will go far or go deep which starts from the group as a whole rather than from the disposition of individuals to form groups.

Mr. McDougall stops for a moment to advert to the principle of "simple direct induction" (described briefly in his Introduction to Social Psychology), which he regards as the social bond of a crowd. He practically never returns to the subject, almost never again examines the organization of groups from the inside. I say almost never again, because there are sporadic hints, but of comprehensive discussion of this central theme there is none in the book. For Mr. McDougall was too much diverted by his Group Mind to write a book about minds in a group.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Smoke and Steel

Smoke and Steel, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THIS new collection establishes what Chicago Poems only promised and Cornhuskers plainly intimated. It proves that these states can now claim two living major poets: Sandburg and Frost. Both poets are racially indigenous, both have that blend of toughness and tenderness that tastes of the soil, both are in love with a world of frank and homely realities. But each wears his realism with a difference. Frost kneels at well-curbs and discovers universes; one farm, one rocky acre is too large for him to exhaust. Sandburg marches and countermarches over two hemispheres; one world is not large enough for his restless feet. Frost is true to *things;* the fact is always brimming over for him; he never hopes to drain it all. Sandburg also feeds on the fact; it nourishes, but it does not satisfy him. Frost plays with its twinkling or sardonic suggestions. For Sandburg, hot after finalities, implications are not enough; he insists on explanations; he probes eagerly for the question behind, the answer beyond. The past, "a wind gone down," is a dead thing—"a bucket of ashes." But To-day, for all its tangibility, is no more solid or substantial to this peculiar realist; the present is a drifting mist through which he peers at an ocean of tomorrows. It is a revealing title Sandburg has chosen for himself. Steel hardens him, but it is the smoke of steel that prompts and carries his dreams.

The very first poem in the new volume uncovers the heart of the contradiction. In this extended title poem it is at once evident that Sandburg is a reporter turned mystic. He uses the actual scene as a point of vivid and abrupt departure; for him realism acts chiefly as a spring-board. From it he leaps directly into a romantic, lyrical mysticism. Fragments, torn from their setting, would do a double injustice to the unity of Smoke and Steel. For this is Sandburg's first completely successful long poem. His previous lengthy works were scarcely long poems at all, but a succession of brief figures; lyrical snatches—Prairie is a splendid example—loosely connected, almost disintegrated. Here mood, accent and image are held at a glowing pitch, fused in a new intensity. This tightening power and sharpness of effect extend through the major portion of the volume, making it the most valuable as it is the most varied of Sandburg's three offerings. It is a new solidity that hits with a restrained power in the fourteen lines of Pennsylvania, that backs the grim banter of Losers and emphasizes the less than half expressed pathos in

A. E. F.

There will be a rusty gun on the wall, sweetheart,
The rifle grooves curling with flakes of rust.
A spider will make a silver string nest in the darkest, warmest corner of it.
The trigger and the range-finder, they too will be rusty,
And no hands will polish the gun, and it will hang on the wall.
Forefingers and thumbs will point absently and casually toward it.
It will be spoken among half-forgotten, wished-to-be-forgotten things.
They will tell the spider: Go on, you're doing good work.

In the face of those who see only a coarse brutality and distorted veritism in Sandburg, it cannot be said too often that he is brutal only when dealing with brutal things, that behind the passionate force of his projectile phrases there burns the greater passion of his pity, that the strength of his hatred is exceeded by the challenge of his love. It is difficult to believe that the harsh and hard-hitting person who seems to be writing with fists doubled, the poet of that magnificent protest, The Liars (significantly dated March, 1919), is the same wistful visionary who can make such delicate designs as the Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind or Three Spring Notations on Bipeds and who can sing so gently of sand-scribblings, women washing their hair, purple martins, a half moon in a high wind. He is sensitive to every pitch and nuance—almost sentimental—even in his slang. The old cry rises out of the new jargon—Crapshooters, Cahoots, Jazz Fantasia, Honkey Tonk in Cleveland, Ohio—(the wells of English undefiled will be horribly disturbed by this downpour of American Esperanto!), these and a dozen others vibrate with the nostalgia of civilization beneath the noise of our industrial ferocity. The Sins of Kalamazoo, in its direct opposition to Vachel Lindsay's village evangelism, exhibits the tawdry scene in its own flat colors and flatter accents. And here, from a totally different angle and in a far quieter key, is a commentary on its backgrounds:

CLEAN CURTAINS.

New neighbors came to the corner house at Congress and Green streets.
The look of their clean white curtains was the same as the rim of a nun's bonnet.
One way was an oyster pail factory, one way they made candy, one way paper boxes, strawboard cartons.
The warehouse trucks shook the dust of the ways loose and the wheels whirled dust—there was dust of hoof and wagon wheel and rubber tire—dust of police and fire wagons—dust of the winds that circled at midnights and noon listening to no prayers.
"O mother, I know the heart of you," I sang passing the rim of a nun's bonnet—O white curtains—and people clean as the prayers of Jesus here in the faded ramshackle at Congress and Green.
Dust and the thundering trucks won—the barrages of the street wheels and the lawless wind took their way—was it five weeks or six the little mother, the new neighbors, battled and then took away the white prayers in the windows?

This poetry, as Jean Catel declared in the Mercure de France, is charged with immediate associations; "it trans-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEA GULL LIBRARY

A new series of books in belles-lettres, edited by *O. F. Theis*, designed to include works of the world's literature which have hitherto not been translated into English. In the selection of titles the only standard that has been kept in view is that the work in question must be literature, and more than a mere ephemeral production. Through the *Sea Gull Library* many a work of permanent value will be made available in convenient form and at a reasonable price. Special attention has been given to the make-up of the volumes. Gray vellum de luxe cloth with a cover design by Orland Campbell. Price, per volume, $1.50.

ROMANCE OF THE RABBIT **Francis Jammes**

Authorized translation from the French by Gladys Edgerton. In this work hovers both the spirit of Virgil and of the gentle St. Francis of Assisi, as Jammes tells of Rabbit's fears and joys, of his life on this earth, of his pilgrimage to paradise with St. Francis and his animal companions, and of his death.

MOGENS and other Stories **Jens Peter Jacobsen**

Translated from the Danish by Anna Grabow. The author is known as one of the greatest stylists in Scandinavian literature. The stories in the present volume are pastels of wonderful delicacy, filled with the keenest psychological observation.

Other Volumes in Preparation

HISTORICAL MINIATURES

Each volume in this series of Monographs edited by *Dr. F. L. Glaser* will consist of an eyewitness account of one of the most impressive or crucial periods of history. The undertaking is particularly timely at the present when human society is passing through a period of transformation greater than any previous one. The old truism that the truth is stranger than fiction is amply borne out by these monographs. Valuable not only to the general reader, but also to the student of history.

SCENES FROM THE COURT OF PETER THE GREAT

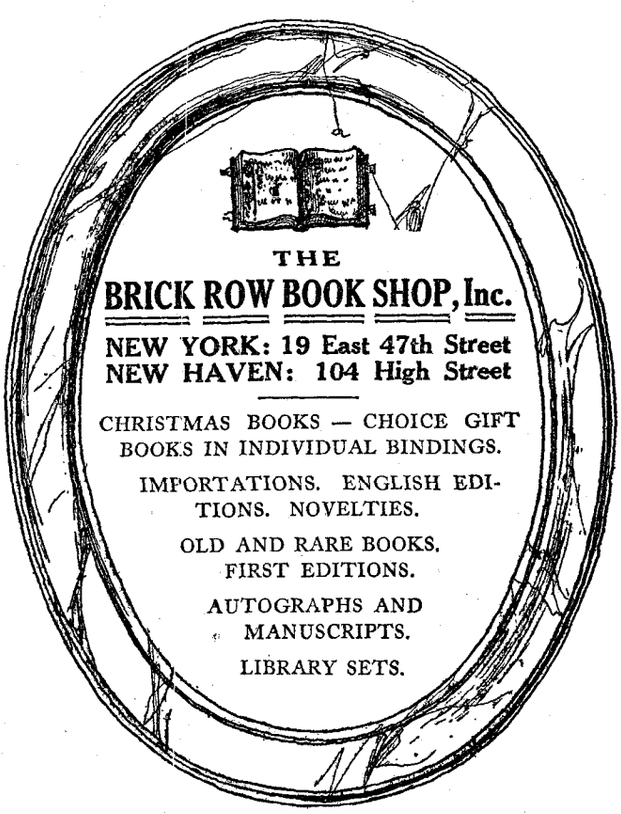
Based on the Latin Diary of Korb, a Secretary of the Austrian Legation at the Court of Peter the Great. A vivid description of the life in Moscow toward the end of the 17th Century. One of the most thrilling portions of the book is the description of the rebellion and punishment of the Stryelitz, the Russian guard of the period. *Cloth*, $2.00

POPE ALEXANDER VI AND HIS COURT

Based on the Diary of Johannes Burchardus, Master of Ceremonies to Alexander VI. (*In preparation.*) *Cloth*, $2.00

Send for Catalogue 14

NICHOLAS L. BROWN, 123 Lexington Ave., N. Y.



THE

BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP, Inc.

NEW YORK: 19 East 47th Street
NEW HAVEN: 104 High Street

CHRISTMAS BOOKS — CHOICE GIFT BOOKS IN INDIVIDUAL BINDINGS.

IMPORTATIONS. ENGLISH EDITIONS. NOVELTIES.

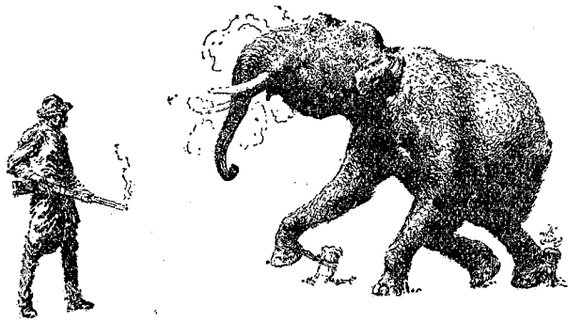
OLD AND RARE BOOKS. FIRST EDITIONS.

AUTOGRAPHS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

LIBRARY SETS.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS WRAPPED AND TIED WITH HOLIDAY TISSUE AND RIBBON FOR DELIVERY ANYWHERE.

GIVE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.



The Laziest People in the World

"Will you row me across the river?" I asked a Malay one day.

"*Twan*, I have eaten and I have had plenty," he responded. "You may take my boat and row yourself across the river. Tomorrow, if Allah grants me life, and if I need the boat, I will swim over for it."

"That Malay trait of living for the moment has led many a European to murder!" says CHARLES MAYER in the JANUARY number of

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE on the Orient

More than 60 Illustrations—Art Insert of Eight Pages

One of Mayer's difficulties in trapping elephants for show purposes was trying to persuade the indolent natives to help in the jungles. Mayer's adventures were endless. How he found a twenty-toed elephant, and foolishly sold it without reckoning the value of its toes; how he subdued a mad young creature of the deep jungle, and how it remembered him years after—are tales that read like fiction. But his story is solid fact. You will roar with laughter one minute, and be grasping the arms of your chair the next.

Are you familiar with ASIA—the magazine? This story of Mayer's, for instance, tells not only of adventure but throws the calcium light on the life of the Malay Archipelago—the people and their customs. And so in ASIA you will find as you read, stories of adventures and accomplishment, articles portraying native customs, translations of Oriental literature, clear presentations of our political and diplomatic relations. And all the while you will be living in the rare atmosphere of the East, amid the scenes of future world peace and prosperity or war and chaos.

ASIA is the only general magazine treating exclusively of the Orient. Its illustrations, photographs, drawings—and art insert usually of eight pages—make it a magazine of distinctive beauty and unusual interest.

CONTENTS OF THE JANUARY ASIA

AN AGRICULTURAL EXPLORER IN CHINA **By David Fairchild**
China was indeed the "Flowery Kingdom" to Frank N. Meyer, who travelled its paths and by-paths and found a wealth of new plants and flowers to transplant in America.

AN AMERICAN IN ASIA **By Louis Graves**
Willard Straight as Consul General in Mukden
The romantic tale of how Straight, a mere youth of 26, began the fight for the maintenance of America's interests and the protection of China's sovereignty in Manchuria, resulting in today's China Loan Consortium.

ACROSS KASHMIR SNOWS **By V. C. Scott O'Connor**
The remoter mountain fastnesses of that fascinating corner of the world, Kashmir, have an added charm when seen with as delightful a traveling companion as Mr O'Connor.

LEFT-HANDED JINGORO AND THE BUILDERS OF THE YOMEI GATE **By Florence Peltier**
A tale of the professional rivalry of Japan's great wood carvers as they built the far-famed Gates of Nikko in the reign of the Shogun Iyeyasu.

THE PICTURES OF PLOWING AND WEAVING **By R. Meyer Riefstahl**
The ancient pictures of Plowing and Weaving, 1145 A. D.—modernized in 1696 through the desire of the Conquering Manchus to become more Chinese than the Chinese—present both in the pictures and in the poems which accompany them the spirit of a great agricultural nation.

A FINANCIAL HOUSE-CLEANING FOR CHINA **By John O. P. Bland**
John O. P. Bland, expert on the Far East, makes clear the essentials of the intricate problem of China's reorganization and development so that he who runs may read.

BRONZE VOICES OF BUDDHA **By Marjorie Latta Barstow**
Whether you hear the soft whisper of the wind bells, or the mighty boom of temple bells in Japan, there is legend and history in their voices. Read what bells mean to Japan and you will know more of what they may mean to you.

SPECIAL OFFER OPEN ONLY TO JANUARY 31, 1921

A Fourteen Months' Tour of the Orient

ASIA deals exclusively with the Great Continent—and is different from any other magazine published. To show you the richness and wonder of the Orient as disclosed in its pages, we make this special offer. ASIA sells for 35 cents per copy.

Through this offer the price is cut more than a third.

Every member of your family will like the magazine. There are fifty to sixty beautiful illustrations; an eight-page art insert printed on art paper.

ASIA PUBLISHING CO., 627 Lexington Ave., N. Y.
I desire to receive ASIA, the American Magazine on the Orient, for one year. Enclosed is $3.50. In accordance with your special offer I am to receive two extra current issues without additional cost. N.R. 12-15-20

Name.....
Address.....
Business or Profession.....

Canada, $4.00
Foreign $4.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lates the new world." The fantastic hungers and strange energies of the instant dominate Smoke and Steel, from the sniggering irony of The Lawyers Know Too Much to the sudden pathos of An Electric Sign Goes Dark, from the hot echoes of the Chicago race riots in Hoodlums to the sheer loveliness of the fifty poems in the lyrical section Mist Forms. Nor is Sandburg less sensitive to the shadows and shapes of twilight. He is a laureate of dusk and in him, as in Whitman, Night finds her passionate celebrant. Night Stuff, Night Movement, The Skyscraper Loves Night, Night's Nothings Again . . . in these he "clothes himself in his 'tablier de silence'," grave, but never impassive. Here is the first of the imaginative four in its brief entirety:

NIGHT STUFF.

Listen a while, the moon is a lovely woman, a lonely woman, lost in a silver dress, lost in a circus rider's silver dress.
Listen a while, the lake by night is a lonely woman, a lovely woman, circled with birches and pines mixing their green and white among stars shattered in spray clear nights.
I know the moon and the lake have twisted the roots under my heart the same as a lonely woman, a lovely woman, in a silver dress, in a circus rider's silver dress.

Here is a haunting fragment from Night's Nothings Again:

Who saw the night
let down its hair
and shake its bare shoulders
and blow out the candles of the moon . . .

Is the night woven of anything else
than the secret wishes of women,
the stretched empty arms of women?
the hair of women with stars and roses?

Sandburg, for all his strength, is not without his weakness. Although he has gained greatly in control since Chicago Poems, he is still sometimes tempted to talk at the top of his voice, to bang the table, to whip off his shirt and point to the hair on his chest. These moments are growing less and less recurring; it is the opposite tendency that is growing more dangerous. In giving way to mysticism (vide cups of Coffee, Brass Keys and others) Sandburg often gives the subconscious an absolutely free hand; he lets it dictate its unfettered—and, one might almost add, unlettered—fantasies. There are times, more frequent than one might wish, when he fails to guide the current of his thought; it directs him, so that he becomes the instrument rather than the artist. Too often he leaves his material soft and loose instead of solidifying and shaping it to the proportions of a finished work. There are even times when Sandburg is unsure about furnishing the clue to the half-realized and half-expressed vagaries of the imagination. But though the meaning is not always clear, there is no mistaking his emotion. It is implicit in every line; a concentrated exaltation, rich in its sweeping affirmations, richer in its energetic details. LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Contributors

F. B. KAYE is connected with the Department of English at Northwestern University.
D. H. LAWRENCE is the author of Sons and Daughters, The Rainbow, Look! We Have Come Through and New Poems.
FELIX FRANKFURTER is a professor at Harvard Law School.
R. F. ALFRED HOERNLE, formerly a professor at Harvard University, is now professor of Philosophy at Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

THE PERFECT GIFT

BITS OF LIFE

Anonymous

THE AUTHOR IS PROMINENT IN WALL STREET

BITS OF LIFE

Intimate Musings On Life and Love

BITS OF LIFE

Over One Hundred Pictures of Life Drawn with Bold Strokes After the Manner of Sargent.

BITS OF LIFE

Daring--Keen--Witty--Engrossing

BITS OF LIFE

It Is Realistic and Idealistic
It Is Literature!

$1.50 at all bookstores

Publishers BRENTANO'S 5th Ave. & 27th St. New York

The Century Social Science Series

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY

by

Dr. E. A. ROSS

University of Wisconsin

PUBLISHED last May, this book has been adopted by over *one hundred* universities and colleges and has had a large general sale. It is now in its *second* printing. Undoubtedly it is to have a decided influence on sociological thought. It is not academic—rather it is drawn directly from life through actual observation.

FROM beginning to end the author in a definite, concrete manner deals with actual conditions and problems and includes a wealth of illustrative material. The book reads as easily and interestingly as a newspaper.

QUOTING Professor Giddings of Columbia University: "It is a real contribution to our subject and will awaken interest wherever the subject itself receives attention."

8vo. 708 pages. List price $4.00

At All Bookstores Published by THE CENTURY CO. 353 4th Ave., New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED